

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1850.

THE JESUITS.

BY REV. J. FLOY, D. D.

1. HISTOIRE RELIGIEUSE, POLITIQUE, ET LITTERAIRE DE LA COMPAGNIE DE JESUS. *Composee sur les documents inedit et authentiques. Par J. Critineau Joly. Paris. 1844.*
2. ST. IGNATIUS AND HIS FIRST COMPANIONS. *By the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D. D. New York. 1845.*
3. LOYOLA; and Jesuitism in its Rudiments. *By Isaac Taylor, author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm. New York. 1849.*

Of the works above-named, the first evinces the most research; the second, the greatest faith; the third, the best philosophy. M. Joly gives us facsimiles of the handwriting of his hero and his compatriots; Dr. Pise's volume is adorned with portraits, taken, he tells us, from very ancient originals, and "no doubt true likenesses of St. Ignatius and the first nine;" Mr. Taylor, with a master hand, analyzes the acts and motives of the world-renowned Spaniard and his colleagues. Judged by the rule laid down by the poet—"In every work regard the writer's end"—each of them has done well. The Frenchman's work is as entertaining as an Arabian tale. The New York Doctor, whose pages are dedicated to the Jesuits in the United States, "as a grateful remuneration for their salutary tuition," is as Jesuitical as could be desired. The author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm writes *con amore*, and is perfectly master of his subject. Joly aimed to make a readable book; Pise, "to confute the vain calumny that Ignatius was a fanatic, and his first disciples intriguers and impostors;" Taylor, to present facts and aid his readers in forming their own judgment. A few columns of the Repository may be profitably devoted to a brief sketch of the origin and objects of the *Society of Jesus*, that being the favorite name by which the Jesuits designate their association.

The city of Pampeluna was surrounded by a French army. The Spanish garrison defended themselves gallantly. A breach in the walls was at length effected by the artillery of their opponents. The Spaniards, however, continued the

fight. Cheered on by the voice and the conduct of a brave knight, they fought desperately; and for a long time it was doubtful whether victory would perch upon the banners of the besieged or the besiegers. At length, by a random shot, the Spanish leader fell, severely wounded, and with him fell the city he had so gallantly defended. The victorious Frenchmen took possession, and, like brave men, they treated their conquered enemies with humanity. The wounded knight, now their prisoner, had won their admiration by his deeds of valor; and though but for his prowess their victory had been easy, they sent him carefully, and in a manner befitting his rank, on a litter, with his country's flag around him, to the castle of his ancestors. This knight was *Inigo Lopez de Recalde*, known afterward as *IGNATIUS LOYOLA*, and in the Romish calendar as St. Ignatius. His history has been written by friends and foes. It is an illustration of the adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Even when divested of the drapery thrown around it by pious superstition, and after all that is apocryphal has been rejected, his was a character and a course of conduct exceeding the wildest dreams of the most visionary writers of romance.

From the unskillfulness of his surgeons the wounded knight suffered the most excruciating agony. Day after day passed, and the crisis was at hand. His physicians gave him up to die. The priest had performed the last office and left him. The morrow dawned; and, to the unutterable surprise of surgeons and ecclesiastics, whose predictions were falsified, and to the unbounded joy of kinsmen and friends, who had been meditating preparations for a gorgeous funeral, symptoms of returning health coursed joyously through his veins. He sat up, and gave an account of his miraculous restoration. St. Peter had appeared to him just before midnight, in his own proper person say his friends—in a dream, if at all, say the less credulous and more skeptical. One thing is clear—the danger was past, and his recovery was rapid.

But what was life to a gallant knight, if it must be endured with a deformed limb? A bony excretion protruded from his leg; and he summoned the surgeon to cut it off. He was warned that it could not be done without the infliction of the

most exquisite pain; and his relatives entreated him not again thus foolishly to hazard his life. But the knight was resolute. "That he might wear his graceful boots," says one of his biographers, "he ordered the bone to be cut off." His attendants fainted; but Inigo bore the operation without winching. A long confinement followed. No books of chivalry, or works of fancy, being within his reach, he pored day after day over those choice specimens of Romish literature, "The Lives of the Saints." From their pages a new light dawned upon him. "Why should not I," he exclaimed—"why should not I emulate the deeds of the holy Dominic, the sainted Bernard, or the great St. Francis?" The current of his ambition was turned into a new channel. With returning health he laid aside the armor and the dress of a military chieftain, and assumed the garb of a penitent pilgrim. He hung up his sword over the altar of the Virgin, and devoted himself, body and soul, to her service. Now followed a season of protracted penance. Days and nights were spent in fastings, in self-inflicted flagellations, and ingeniously-devised bodily tortures. At length, so he himself declares, the Virgin herself appeared to him, arrayed in gorgeous loveliness. She deigned to smile graciously upon her new votary; and thenceforward, to the end of his life—it is the concurrent testimony of all his biographers—the world for him had lost its charms, and he never swerved from his loyalty to the blessed Mary.

Soon after this event, while on a journey to a neighboring village, he fell into conversation with an infidel Moor. Their topic was, of course, the Virgin. The knight was zealous in his efforts to convert him to the true faith. The Mohammedan laughed at his zeal, ridiculed his arguments, and putting spurs to his beast, made his escape. Inigo was exasperated. The miscreant had dared to speak contemptuously of the queen of angels. He deserved death. He resolved to pursue him and inflict the penalty. Fortunately, however, for the Moor, and, indeed, for the reputation of our hero, he concluded to leave the matter to the decision of his mule, who being permitted to choose, took a different road from that of the infidel, whence the knight inferred that the punishment was not to be inflicted by his hand.

Having thus escaped the crime of blood-guiltiness through the sagacity of his mule, Ignatius arrived safely at the village, where he completed his errand by the purchase of a dress suited to the career on which he was about to enter. He bestowed his costly garments upon poor beggars whom he met by the roadside, among whom, also, he shared the entire contents of his purse. He then arrayed himself in a hempen cloak of the coarsest texture, with a rope for a girdle, bare-headed, and with one shoe. His right foot being still in a swollen state, he commenced in earnest the course he had marked out for himself. He begged his bread from door to door. Three times a day he severely

scourged his naked body with the lash. Seven hours of every twenty-four were spent in private devotion, and once a week he confessed his sins and received the sacrament. He led a life of the greatest austerity, and made himself as miserable as any of the illustrious saints whom he had taken for his model.

About this time he was favored with a vision, the effects of which were most wonderful. An illuminated triangle appeared to him. It was of the most intense brightness—a symbol, say his biographers, of the Trinity in unity. Under the influence of this vision, the uneducated cavalier spoke most eloquently of sacred things, and unraveled, with wonderful ease, the most profound religious mysteries. Although scarcely able to write his name, he composed a treatise upon the Trinity, worthy, we are told, of ranking with the inspired writings. The manuscript, of which it seems no copy was made, is, to the great grief of the faithful, irrecoverably lost. Other visions were vouchsafed to this zealous disciple of the Virgin; and it is worthy of remark, that, in all these supernatural revelations, Mary was the great agent. She imparted to him secular and scientific, as well as religious knowledge—astronomy, natural philosophy, rhetoric, belles-lettres. But "the legs of the lame are not equal." The same writers who give this wonderful account of their favorite's miraculous attainments, tell us, also, that now, at the age of thirty, Ignatius commenced, with a class of boys in a public school, the study of grammar and penmanship; that, in his humiliation, he took the lowest place among the Spanish urchins by whom he was surrounded, and even insisted upon being flogged by the teacher for dullness and delinquencies. He had especial difficulty in mastering the rudiments of the Latin language. And no wonder; for a malignant demon disturbed his memory; and not until the master, at his earnest solicitations, had vigorously applied the birch to the saint's back and shoulders, was the spirit exorcised. Then his progress was rapid; and in the year 1528, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, he entered the University of Paris.

While pursuing his studies at this celebrated seat of learning, still wearing the rags of a pauper, and practicing the most ascetic austerities, the great idea of his life took possession of him. It was the foundation of a religious order that should cast into the shade all others. He would be the teacher of the teachers of the world. The arch-heretic Luther was troubling the peace of the Church, and the Vatican trembled. Loyola deemed himself destined to turn back the tide. His scheme was imparted by degrees to a few of his associates. Peter Faber, a man of learning and of great eloquence, was his first convert—"the first-born," says the historian, "of the great parent of the society;" Francis Xavier, "the apostle of the Indies, and the most perfect of the disciples of Ignatius;" James Laynez, who survived the founder of the order, and succeeded him as its ruler, Nicholas Bobadilla, and Simon Rod-

riguez—men of learning, cool, crafty, and of indomitable zeal—were the first companions of Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus.

In a sepulchral chapel, on the night of the 15th of August, in the year 1534, these men, with others of less note, bound themselves together by a most solemn oath. The terms of the confederacy were, implicit obedience to the sovereign Pontiff, without reservation or condition of any kind; the same kind of submissive subserviency to him who might be elected General of the society; perpetual virginity; voluntary poverty; and absolute renunciation of all worldly honors and ecclesiastical preferment. Each engaged annually to renew his solemn oath, and constantly to practice those austeries which Ignatius had enjoined upon them. This discipline, from which not the smallest deviation was tolerated, is almost incredible, from its severity. It equals, in some respects, the gibbettings of the Faqueers; and it is not wonderful that, of those who aspired to the fellowship of the society, not a few died from physical exhaustion. Loyola himself not only shared in these self-inflicted tortures, but animated his associates by his example. His flagellations were as severe as theirs, his couch as hard, his diet as abstemious, and his entire appearance equally filthy and aquilid.

These austeries were, however, mere auxiliaries; it was the mind, the inner man, that was to be subdued. In the language of a late writer, "It was on a far loftier basis than that of bodily penances or ecstatic dreams, that for ten successive years their initiatory discipline had been conducted." Wildly as their leader may have described his survey of the celestial regions, and of their triumphant inmates, he had anxiously weighed the state of the world in which he dwelt, and the nature of his fellow-sojourners there. He was intimately aware of the effects on human character of self-acquaintance, of action, and of suffering. He therefore required his disciples to scrutinize the recesses and the workings of their own hearts, till the aching sense found relief rather than excitement in turning from the wonders and the shame within, to the mysteries and the glories of the world of unembodied spirits. He trained them to ceaseless activity, until the transmutation of means into ends was complete, and efforts, at first the most irksome, had become spontaneous, and were grateful exercises. He accustomed them to every form of privation and voluntary pain, until fortitude, matured into habit, had been the source of enjoyments as real as to the luxurious they are incomprehensible. He rendered them stoics, mystics, enthusiasts, and then combined them all into an institute, than which no human association was ever more emphatically practical, or more to the purpose and the time."

Without pausing to answer the question, How came so many men of powerful intellect to embrace such a system and submit to so galling a yoke? let us, for a few moments, trace the process by which a

Jesuit was made. In the first place, the candidate for admission was required to take the three solemn vows of obedience, of poverty, and of chastity. His obedience to his superiors was to be absolute and unqualified. The will of the General, or of his subordinates, even though it contravened the laws of the state and the laws of God, was to govern all his conduct. Nor was this obedience to be merely passive or external. It embraced all the faculties of the soul; as Loyola himself expresses it, "unconditional obedience—a holocaust of the intellect as well as of the will." As an illustration, we have the following on the authority of Taylor:

"Three and three are seven," says the Superior.

"I think them only six."

"Well, let us then take an equation somewhat less immediately resolvable by mere intuition—342 times 848 are equal to 290,017."

"I must take one from this sum according to my calculation of the numbers."

"Your calculation is not what is now in question; for *first* you are to *affirm*, as bound by your oath of obedience, that the sum is what *I* declare it to be: and more than this, you are required to *believe it with an inward conviction* as full and sincere as if you knew it to be true instead of knowing it to be false. You have vowed obedience, and not merely that of the outward act, which is of little value, and possesses no merit, but that also of the conscience and of the understanding; and this all-comprehensive immolation obliges you to yield your assent to *any* degree of probability, how small soever it may be, when it is sustained by the affirmation of your Superior."

The thirteenth rule of the *Exercitia Spiritualia*—a work prepared by Loyola, and always regarded as a text-book of the institution—is in the words following:

"In order that we may be altogether in conformity with the Catholic Church, and of the same mind, we must hold ourselves ready, if in any instance she has pronounced that to be black, which to our eyes appears white, to declare that it is so. For it is undoubtedly to be believed that the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the spirit of the orthodox Church, his spouse, is the same, and by this spirit we are governed and guided to salvation. Nor may we question that it is the same God who, of old, gave forth the precepts of the Decalogue, who at the present time governs the Church."

Of course the human mind needs training before it can possibly reach this point. A probation of two years, which may be lengthened indefinitely at the will of the Superior, is to be undergone by those who seek the honor of being members of the order. During the novitiate the candidate is required to practice daily flagellations and bodily tortures, and to spend month after month in the most menial and loathsome duties in attendance upon the sick in the hospitals. Under the direction of the Superior, he is sent forth, destitute of money and resources, to beg his bread from door to door; and on his return, at

the expiration of the time assigned him, he is required to perform the most abject offices.

Having passed this probation to the satisfaction of his superiors, the candidate enters upon another stage of his novitiate. The body, by this time, is supposed to be sufficiently subdued. The mind is now put into the crucible. All ascetic extravagances are prohibited. Abstinence, and penance, and tortures, are limited by the Superior. Secluded from all intercourse, orally, or by letter, with the world around him, a subject of meditation for each hour of the day is assigned to the embryo Jesuit. He is to obey implicitly the instructions of his director, and required to keep the strictest watch over "his eyes, his ears, his tongue, his soul, his every gesture." Confined to his cell, he is permitted to see no one but the director and an attendant who ministers to his wants. With this attendant he may converse, but only on subjects relating to his personal comfort; and all he says is reported to the Superior. If the candidate falters in his allegiance—if he grows weary of this incessant pondering over the monotonous lessons assigned him, he is at once turned adrift. The society can do without him. The institution has no cells for the weak, the timid, or the irresolute. It wants the most energetic spirits, but it wants them thoroughly subdued. As has been well said, it is a gymnasium, not an infirmary. This course of training is continued for four years, during which such books only as are approved by the General of the order are permitted to be read. Loyola's "Spiritual Exercises," his "Letter on Obedience," and "The Lives of the Saints," are, of course, standard text-books. If, at the end of these four years, the candidate is deemed suitable for the purposes of the society, he is with great solemnity admitted as a member of the fraternity.

After a solemn mass, and in the presence of the provincial, the various functionaries of the order, and all the members who can be convened, the candidate recites, with a loud voice, the prescribed formula:

"I, N., make profession, and I promise to God almighty, before the Virgin, his mother, and before the universal celestial court, and all here present, and to thee, Rev. Father N., General of the Society of Jesus, and standing in the place of God, and to thy successors, perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience; and conformably with which obedience, I promise a peculiar care in the instruction of youth, and all in accordance with the rule of life set forth in the letters apostolic and the constitutions of the Society of Jesus."

A copy of the vow in the candidate's own handwriting is then filed in the archives of the society, and his name enrolled in the registry. And now he is a Jesuit. What are his duties? In one word, to obey his superiors. He may be doomed all his days to the humble office of a pedagogue or a parish priest, or to worm himself into the confidence of princes, and direct the affairs of secular govern-

ments. At a moment's warning he may be sent as a missionary among savages, or directed, as a Protestant, to profess and preach the pestilent doctrines of Luther. If the command is to assume the garb of a beggar, to leaguer himself with banditti, or to join the ranks of the army, it is his province simply to obey. He is a staff in the hand of another. He has no conscience—no will of his own—no responsibility, save only to his superior in office. Loyola directs that severe and gratuitous tests of obedience be frequently enjoined, and that the higher functionaries *tempt* the brethren of the order, even as God tempted Abraham. There is no one sin but a Jesuit may commit, if commanded, even to the shedding of blood; for the Superior stands to him "in the place of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and it is the grand cardinal doctrine of the society, that it is lawful to do evil that good may come. In their creed, in fact, nothing is evil but disobedience, and whatever is enjoined is right. All through life, too, and everywhere, every Jesuit has a constant spy upon his actions, who is required to report, not only what he sees, but what he suspects of his associate. They uniformly "hunt in couples," and the one watches the other. Thus, by the General of the order, the most minute conduct of every Jesuit is fully known, his qualifications for any particular purpose perfectly understood, and he is transferable, at a moment's warning, from one post of duty to another.

Such was the association founded by the brave soldier who was wounded at the siege of Pampeluna. Its fame soon spread throughout not only Catholic Europe but the world. With whatever duty these men were charged, spiritual, educational, or merely secular, they performed it with consummate ability, and almost uniformly with success. They were the best teachers of youth—the most anxiously-sought confessors—the most eloquent preachers—the safest advisers. Schools, academies, colleges, were placed under their supervision. The consciences of statesmen, of royal ladies, and of kings, were in their keeping. They dictated national treaties, originated laws, made peace, and declared war. True, these things were done nominally by royal prerogative and legislative authority; but statesmen, princes, nay, cardinals, also, and even the supreme Pontiff himself, were mere puppets in the hands of the Jesuits—all of whom were controlled and guided by the General of the order. No such absolute despot was ever seated upon a throne as he who, by the suffrages of his brethren, was placed at the head of the society. It was the despotism of the soul; the world groaned under it, and if it had gone on unchecked until the present time, increasing in vigor in the same ratio that it did in the first centuries of its existence, truth and mutual confidence, nay, every conceivable virtue, had utterly perished, and this goodly earth had been converted into a hell.

And what has checked the hideous career of this monstrous system? In the first place, men of less zeal and of more personal ambition than the first

founders of the society have been admitted within its pales. Loyola, and Xavier, and Faber, were far from being ambitious, in the ordinary sense of that word. They sought nothing for themselves. They chose poverty rather than wealth. Their idol was a vast abstract idea. They aimed to build up a spiritual dominion. Their object—it is impossible to reach any other conclusion—was the good of their fellow-men. It was the honest conviction of minds fully persuaded of the truth of the Church of Rome's absurd dogmas—of the efficacy of self-inflicted torture—of meriting salvation by works—of the absolute infallibility of popes and priests—that led on the first founders, step by step, to the completion of their gigantic scheme. There can be no doubt that Ignatius fully believed that there was no possible hope of salvation without the pale of the Romish Church; and Xavier was perfectly satisfied that whoso consented to be sprinkled with holy water, to make the sign of the cross, to count the beads, and to receive extreme unction, was readily admitted by St. Peter within the gates of paradise. Then, as Rome has always taught, and still teaches, the end justified the means. The end in view was glorious—man's everlasting happiness; to secure it, every thing was lawful.

But men of a different mold—seekers of their own interests—crafty knaves—crept into the society. Increasing light dawned upon the human mind. Men began to see that they were not destined by their Creator to be mere machines. The printing-press was at work. The designing schemes, the worldly ambition, the crooked policy of the successors of Ignatius, were exposed. Luther preached. The simple doctrine of justification by faith was proclaimed; and gradually the complicated web, destined and well calculated to inclose our race in its meshes, was rent and broken. The Jesuits were banished from one country and another. Their order was suppressed in various sections. It has received reiterated blows; and now, instead of exulting in its hideous symmetry, it mourns over its former glory—a mutilated monster, the terror of a few, the ridicule of many, even among the professed subjects of the Pope.

But the institution is not dead. There are Jesuits at work now everywhere. They are at the head of literary institutions in our own country; they are parish priests; they are bishops. They work in the dark, it is true, but still they work. In the Memoir of the late Dr. Milnor, recently published by the American Tract Society, he himself tells us, that his immediate predecessor, "Dr. Kewly, was a Jesuit during the whole time of his residence in America." A Jesuit the rector of one of the largest, wealthiest, and most spiritual Protestant Churches in the United States!

Even at this moment, while the successor of St. Peter is a wandering exile—while it is exceedingly problematical whether his brow shall ever again be adorned with the triple crown, the Jesuits are at work in our own free land. There are peans of ex-

ultation ascending from the old world at the prospect of subjecting the new to Romish domination. With the myriads of ignorant paupers, annually landing upon our shores, there come, also, the well-instructed, bland, and oily priest, and the crafty Jesuit. While the descendants of the Huguenots and the Pilgrims are sending bread to the famishing Irish, the Leopold Foundation, by its emissaries, in every section of Europe, is collecting money and remitting it to those who know right well how to apply it for the furtherance of their great object—the demolition of the temple of civil and religious liberty, and the erection of Papal despotism upon its ruins. The signs of the times clearly indicate that here, where waves the Star-Spangled Banner, is to be the gathering of Armageddon—the final conflict. Let it come; and in the meantime, O God, let there be **light!**

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Through a wide and verdant valley
Sweeps a broad and crystal river,
On whose bosom sun and moonbeams
Gleam and sparkle, dance and quiver.
In its depths, transparent, limpid,
Silver fishes dart and play;
O'er its mimic waves careering
White-winged shallops urge their way.

Pleasantly upon its borders
Thrives the busy factory village;
Bounteously the fertile gardens
Recompense the laborer's tillage.
On its banks are grassy meadows,
Smiling farms, and cultured plains,
Where, beneath the autumn harvest,
Groan the heavy-laden wains—

Where the wild, luxuriant forest
Canopies its waters bright—
Through the leafy cope umbrageous
Softly gleams the checkered light;
And the wayward, chainless fancy,
Peopleth the pellucid stream;
Sylvan nymph and river naiad
Court like this might well beseem.

Lovely stream! its peaceful current
Watereth a country free;
Not a rood of slave-land lieth
Near its passage to the sea.
By the rich man's home of splendor—
By the poor man's lowly hut—
All impartially it glideth—
Beautiful Connecticut!

YOUTH is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.

HORÆ SILVESTRÆ.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

The walk—The forest, and Gothic architecture—Subjectiveness of beauty—Physics and metaphysics—Genius—Taste—Rules of its culture—Powers—The Ideal—Natural Pictures.

ARTHUR. Let us pause here in this rustic pavilion. Our walk has extended at least two miles; and a very pleasant one it has been. W. has shown much taste in the arrangement of his paths; and in none more than in the one we have just threaded. What mode of exercise is so agreeable as a walk through such scenery? Walking is, in all circumstances, except when prostrated health interferes, the best kind of exercise; it is natural and tranquilizing. If we are feeble, it can be moderated to our weakness; if vigorous, it can be increased to our strength. Good Izaak Walton called fishing "the contemplative man's recreation;" walking is certainly his appropriate exercise. Jean Jaques Rousseau said, "If you wish to arrive, ride; but if you wish to journey, walk; the patriarchs walked in their wanderings, the sages of antiquity traveled on foot from land to land for wisdom." You recollect the fine passage in his *L'Emile*?

Heinrich. Yes; but doubt it somewhat. How did Jean Jaques know that they did not avail themselves of the comfortable convenience of asses or camels? But be that as it may, to me your favorite exercise needs no eulogy; I am a veteran promenader; I have achieved forty miles a day, though, *inter nos*, without a desire to repeat the exploit. I have my own theory on the subject: an early walk should be in the open space, amidst the fresh breath and first radiance of the morning; at sunset and the twilight we should be on the heights; but in the interim, and especially at high noon, the deep recesses of the forest are my favorite resort. This path, meandering along the mountain side, midway between the summit and the base, with the musical brook running below, and gleams of sunshine falling through the foliage from above, how cool and refreshing—how quiet and meditative it is! I can understand, after such a walk, why the Platonists studied in the grove, and why Cicero named his villa, at Peuteoli, "Academia." The phrase "academic shades" expresses a poetical idea, which we almost instinctively associate with a meditative life and elegant studies; and the tranquil dignity and purity of the Platonic doctrines, are almost inseparably associated in our minds with the graves of Academus and the banks of the Cephisus.

Arthur. The forest is not only congenial with study—there is to me a religious solemnity in it, especially in the mountain woods. Its deep, subdued murmur seems to me like the presence of God moving amidst it, as the first man heard his voice in Eden in the cool of the day. The Academics studied in the grove, but the stout Teutonic spirits of the north felt there the presence of the gods;

they worshiped there; and our ecclesiastical architecture is derived from the type of their forest sanctuary—the tree colonnades, with their shaded vistas and interlacing arches. Therefore, I think the Gothic the purest, though the most complex, form of architecture. The Greek orders may have been founded in natural types; as, for example, the Corinthian was suggested to Callimachus by a basket overgrown with the acanthus; but they have been abstracted more from their originals. The complexity of the Gothic arises from its truth to nature; for nature is profuse to confusion in her landscape scenery.

Heinrich. There is some dissent from your theory of the Gothic style, you are aware; but waving that, does not this solemnity of the forest sometimes become gloomy to you? I have known sensitive minds which could hardly endure its dreariness, though they could bask in the open, sunlight landscape.

Arthur. Our moods vary much, my dear Heinrich, and their variations have much to do with the impressions which external causes produce on the spirit. Beauty or sublimity is within us. The metaphysicians contend, you know, that taste is not factitious, but an original faculty. Beauty is but symbolized in external things—in the objective, as you Germans would say; its essence is subjective—is in the soul—a divine endowment of humanity. The sweetness of this peach is not inherent in its substance, nor is its beauty inherent in its tints. The one comes of an adaptation in the saccharine particles of the substance to excite, through the nerves of the mouth, agreeable sensations; the other comes of adaptations in the calorific rays, reflected from its surface, to produce similar agreeable sensations through the retina. But the nerves are not my sensitive nature; my soul is that; the nerves are but its implements. Physical beauty, for example, depends upon color and exterior, including in the latter, of course, figure; but colors are only different degrees of intensity in the effect on the optic nerve of the component rays of light separated by reflection from different surfaces, as by refraction in the prism; and figure is defined on the retina by a similar intensity of effect produced by varying degrees of reflection. Physiologically considered, there is no essential difference between color and sound; they are but sensations—titillations of the nerves: the one of the nerves in the ear, the other of the nerves in the eye. The discrimination between them is chiefly in the mind. External things, then, are adapted to produce the sense of the beautiful; but it does not inhere in them; it is subjective; it is in the soul. And the varying moods of the soul may affect much our impressions of it. This forest, this material universe, is a great work of God; but our souls are greater.

Heinrich. For which we will be thankful. But you give me physics and metaphysics, or, rather, physics and aesthetics, somewhat mixed, yet, I think, rightly; for they are mutually explanatory. I am

always happy to get at the physical basis of truths which the philosophers have subtilized into metaphysics; and I hold, with soundly orthodox repugnance to Materialism and Pantheism, that many of our most difficult psychological problems will be solved by the progress of physical knowledge, as Cheselden's experiment with cataract of the eye verified Berkley's theory of our ideas of distance. Babbage has mathematically proved that the shriek of the African, who has been thrown overboard at sea by the pursued slaver, will go on for ever echoing round the ocean; and that the perpetrator of the murder would need but a nicer organization—such as he may hereafter possess—to hear it murmuring along the cliffs and strands of the world through indefinite years. We believe, with Paul, in the resurrection. We shall have material bodies, then, however refined, in the spiritual world. According to the Athanasian faith, the Godhead is itself enshrined in a material form, in the highest heaven, and translated human forms are there. Matter, then, has more intimate relations to that world than we are in the habit of supposing. I have lately read a little essay of only about forty pages, but of profound interest. It is entitled, "The Stars and the Earth," and shows, by physical facts, how universal knowledge may be acquired in the future—how, in fine, omnipresence implies omniscience. The images of things are conveyed in the rays of light which are reflected from them. Light travels at an ascertained rate. There are spheres which we now see by radiations sent forth from them before the creation of our planet. Had we a sufficiently-fine organization, we could discern, by such rays, the appearance of the radiating body at the date of their emanation. In the future state we may possess such an organization. The perspective powers of the disembodied spirit may transcend our subtlest conception of them; and when again embodied, after the resurrection, we cannot suppose that these, or any other of its powers, will suffer abridgment. Paul says of the corporeal frame, that it shall be "raised a spiritual body." The power of locomotion, it is supposable, will be proportionate to the soul's other improved faculties. If, therefore, an inhabitant of that state wishes to know the history of this, or any other planet, at any given period, he needs but to direct his flight to some other position in the universe, reached at the time by rays reflected from the orb respecting which he would inquire. And if, possessing a sufficiently-refined organization, we suppose him possessed, also, of sufficiently-rapid locomotion, to pass, in an hour or a day, down along the course of that reflection to the orb itself, he can see its history reflected on the course of its flight—during the whole interval of howsoever many ages—to its actual condition at the moment of his arrival. Our earth, as seen thus from a star of the twelfth magnitude, presents the scenes of its history as they occurred four thousand years ago, when the Pharaohs were building Memphis, and Abraham so

journed in his tent. The events of the Creation, the Deluge, the Crucifixion, the Ascension, are thus pictured on the universe at this moment, and will be so indefinitely. The flash of the assassin's steel, or fire, will be reflected along the course of ages, and again may break upon his appalled vision in the indefinite future.

Arthur. A sublime thought! and yet so plausible, if not demonstrable, that I wonder it was never before suggested. According to this view, what a range of study must the spiritual state afford! The practical applications of the doctrine, too, are very impressive, and, indeed, startling.

Heinrich. I have given you but the germ of the idea; but this is quite a digression—we were talking about taste in connection with landscape beauty.

Arthur. Not of taste in connection with landscape beauty alone, though this landscape suggested the topic, but of taste and material beauty in general. Nor are your remarks altogether a digression—though a very fine one, if they were—for if they be true, universal space and indefinite duration are an outspread record of the works of God, as well as of the deeds of men—the universe is daguerreotyped with the pictures of that beauty which adorns the Divine creations, and of the nature of which we have been speaking—all space and all ages are to be a scenic display for the contemplation of intelligences.

Heinrich. You have defined taste and the beautiful, and, I think, justly; but if the former is an original faculty, and the latter subjective, how unaccountable is their almost universal inertness! They are the last of our susceptibilities to be awakened, and are active almost exclusively in minds which are endowed with genius or high cultivation.

Arthur. Not precisely so, Heinrich. They are the first awakened, as well as the last, and are, therefore, natural; the sordid influences of our intermediate life are what stupefy them. This is, also, the case with the moral sense; but who thence infers that the latter is not purest in early life? Childhood possesses them in their freshest, though not their maturest strength. Did you ever know an unperverted child who did not show delight at a beautiful sight, or awe at a sublime one? Who so rapturous as children among flowers, the birds, and the summer fields? You say the sense of the beautiful is natural to genius. Coleridge describes genius as the susceptibilities of childhood continued with their strength and freshness into manhood. You will smile, my dear Heinrich, but I affirm, nevertheless, that which we call genius is universal among children, excepting, of course, such as are congenitally defective. Hence it is that the powers of celebrated men of genius are almost invariably traceable to their childhood, while often men, great only in scholarship or practical abilities, were noticeably stolid in early life. The freshness of feeling, vivacity of taste, truthfulness to natural impulses, and the poetical character of natural

impressions, which belong to childhood, would, if retained and combined with the maturer faculties of adult age, make any ordinary man what is called a genius. He could not fail to be a poet in his naturally-vivid impressions and sentiments, or an artist in his truthful appreciation of nature; and these are the truest characteristics of genius—genius in its normal state. The methods and manual skill of art are but mechanical—higher, indeed, than the mechanics of the artisan, but because they have to do with these higher qualities of the soul. Now childhood, by its perverted training, loses this original truthfulness of its faculties. I thus answer your objection. In my walk yesterday morning I met little Ida R. She has lived in Louisiana, and never saw mountain scenery before this summer. Too eager for its morning beauties to await the slow movements of her friends, she had wandered dancingly away, like a young naiad, among the fountains of the Aqueduct Path. Her straw hat was circled with a vine branch, the dew-drops on which sparkled above her young brow more beautifully than diamonds. On her bosom glowed a wild rose with its cluster of buds—in her hand she bore a large bouquet of other wild flowers, which she had gathered along her walk. I saw her before me on the winding path, at one moment stopping to pluck a flower, at another skipping along with intoxicated delight; now making the woods ring with a jocund snatch of song, and then pausing to catch the sound of a bird or insect. At each fountain she plunged her bouquet into the water, and shook, with a sort of ecstasy, the crystal drops from it in the slant sunbeams. A moment before I overtook her, an oriole flitted, like a golden gleam, across the path, and lighted on a neighboring tree. She screamed and danced with the delight, dropped her flowers about her feet, and clapped her hands in the air, her eyes beaming, her cheeks glowing, and her very breath trembling with emotion.

Heinrich. A beautiful picture for a poet to witness!

Arthur. Yes; but not merely because the spectator might be a poet, but because the sight itself was poetical; and what was its chief poetry, if it was not that which was acted out by the poetical soul of the child? The spirit of beauty was in her soul, and the difference between her and the poet or artist is, that she enacted the beauty which the poet describes on paper, or the painter on canvas. There is a mechanical execution in the arts which requires only manual tact; but their higher qualities require this spiritual excitation—this inspiration of genius, as it is called. The work flags and fails without it; all great painters, and sculptors, and poets, and even orators, will tell you so—they can do nothing but the mechanical drudgery of their work if not in the right mood. And thence arises the strong temptation of men of genius to resort to medical stimulants—a ruinous expedient, which has blasted many a resplendent mind.

Heinrich. There is a practical inference to be

drawn from your thought, if it is just; namely, that in cultivating the taste for the beautiful, or the poetic spirit in general, we should endeavor to resume the fresh susceptibilities of early life.

Arthur. Truly and emphatically. This would be my first lesson to an ingenuous mind desiring to attain a pure poetic taste. Let us never be ashamed to be children, not in sense but in sensibility. Childhood shares the universal lapse of humanity; but it presents the purest condition of both our moral and sentient nature. The mind of truest taste is that which retains the transparency and fresh impressibility of childhood, as the truest-hearted man is he who retains, or has re-obtained, the *morale* of his early years. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein," said the founder of Christianity. This idea, in its aesthetic as well as theologic sense, is profoundly significant. It was a stumbling-block theologically to the Jews, and foolishness to the Greeks; it is still such to the hollow-hearted world, but it is, nevertheless, full of the divinest philosophy. The *morale* of a man has very much to do with his taste; for taste is not merely intellectual; it might more truly be called a moral than a mental faculty—moral feeling is its very temperament, and moral effect is its final cause.

Heinrich. Very well; we have then your first lesson: what is your second?

Arthur. My first being subjective, founded upon the idea I have advanced of the subjective nature of the beautiful, and of taste in general, is substantially that the mind should be in a right condition for the exercise of the faculty. The second, then, ought to be objective, if I may continue the terminology of you Germans; we should consult the illustrations of beauty—the infinite appeals to taste which nature presents.

Heinrich. And those of art, also, of course.

Arthur. Unquestionably; but here again the artistic world has erred. Has it not affected, practically at least, to exalt the classic models above those of Nature herself, and sought skill in the study of the former rather than the latter? Now this is sheerly absurd; for in proportion as any production of art deviates from its legitimate type in nature, so far it becomes untruthful and is defective—inferior not superior to nature. The artists who produced the classic models—the *Torso*, the *Apollo*, and the *Venus*—formed themselves by no such models, but by the study of nature. Greece found not her types in the art of Egypt or Assyria, but in her own hero-men, and graceful women, and glorious scenery. We study her copies and do well, but should do better did we study more Nature's originals. The modern school of Italy has erred in its too great deference to the classic models; and one of the distinguishing excellences of our own countryman, Powers, is his superiority to this traditional influence—an influence that trammels art in Italy as it does faith. Powers has scientific accuracy and extraordinary manual skill. A real

mechanical as well as artistic genius, he has a transcendent appreciation of the beautiful, and above all is truthful to nature. He even attempts to imitate the porosity of the skin.

Heinrich. I share your admiration of him, and think him at the head of his art, now that Thorwaldsen is no more; but while he excels in manual execution, and is unrivaled in the embodiment of beauty, I think he fails in the severer traits of his art—in moral expression particularly. I question whether he could succeed in a sublime work like Greenough's Washington. But the exquisite beauty of his Eve, Proserpine, and Greek Slave, can never be surpassed. I doubt whether they were ever equaled. In saying that they are defective in moral expression I do not affirm that they are voluptuous; they are as pure as nude figures can be, but they lack characteristic expression. I never could discern in the face or attitude of the Greek Slave the sentiments which would be appropriate to a pure-minded woman under her circumstances. Powers' truthfulness to Nature has thus far consisted chiefly in the correct imitation of her physical forms—not her moral expression. But may you not be too rigid in your present canon? The observance and imitation of nature may be too exact; there must be the ideal as well as the natural or actual in art.

Arthur. Ay, but the true ideal is legitimate to nature—in other words, is itself natural. That word "ideal" is very vaguely used by our amateurs and dilettanti. What do we mean by the ideal? Some seem to suppose that it consists in transcending Nature's own standard of excellence. There is a species of Atheistic illusion in the thought; it assumes that nature is a sort of accidental congeries of things, very good indeed, but capable of being much better; and that art, as an effort of human intelligence, can, in representative forms at least, supply the deficiencies of this accidental nature, as if the productions of the almighty Artist were inferior to the results of human genius. Now I think the ideal consists chiefly in two particulars: first, when there is a representation of mere physical forms, it consists in the selection of the excellences of various examples so as to produce a single example as perfect as possible, but not by the addition of any trait purely invented by the genius of the artist. These excellences must be found in nature, and, therefore, be true to nature; the work of the artist is only to give them new combinations. And the difference in the genius of different artists consists not in different powers of invention, but of imitation—in a difference in their ability to appreciate and reproduce particular forms or expressions of nature. The various schools of coloring, so far as they are legitimate, are founded in this varied capacity for observing and imitating Nature's own variety of coloring. The landscapes of Poussin or Claude Lorraine, are fine, not because they are inventions of the artist's genius, but because they are finely-selected combinations from nature. Art is

essentially imitative: its inventions, so called, can consist only in new combinations; and the true ideal in cases that merely admit of physical expression, as landscapes, for example, consists in the perfection of the combination. We may thus have ideal beauty without any moral indication. In other cases, the ideal consists in moral expression: this is its highest form. Even where physical beauty is the chief aim of the artist, it is sometimes very appropriate and effective. The contrast between the Medicean and the Titian Venus is proof of the remark: the former is chastened with it—is almost vailed with it, while the latter is but an embodiment of physical beauty and sensuality.

Heinrich. I picked up this morning a magazine from your own table, which contained some just thoughts, as I think, on the subject. The writer says, in substance, that the highest element of the ideal is neither beauty nor sublimity, but *moral sentiment*; that a well-executed painting of a flower, a humming-bird, or a butterfly, might doubtless be exquisitely beautiful, but the critic who should discuss its ideal excellence would excite a smile; that, on the other hand, a true artist could take the meanest or most repulsive object *that is capable of moral associations*, and clothe it with the power of his genius—could exhibit an idiot, suffering under merciless wrongs, in such a manner as to wring the heart and constrain the tears of the spectator; that the moral expression in art, then, constitutes its genuine greatness.

Arthur. I have met those thoughts before, and know somewhat the author of them. Such, I believe, is the true notion of the ideal in art. It is not adventitious, but legitimate to nature. In this manner, dear Heinrich, do I reconcile our second canon with the highest trait of taste—the ideal.

Let then the soul of the artist retain the impressibility and *morale* of childhood; and with such a soul let him open his eyes and all his faculties to the impressions, the inspirations of nature. Thus will he grow true and great in his genius. Nature is instinct with all-glorious beauty and all-prevalent sentiment. Calm and powerful, serene and terrible, sublime and beautiful, how varied are her appeals to the mind—how she summons her thoughtful children to exalting and hallowing contemplations—to a never-ceasing, ever-varied exhibition of the infinite Mind!

Heinrich. Yes; but how few of her children are such thoughtful ones! How seldom do we find a man who has waked up to the reality of magnificence and beauty which outspreads the heavens and earth! And if one is occasionally met who stands, with throbbing heart and adoring thoughts, worshiping the divine Artist amidst this his mighty and solemn temple of creation, with the sky for its dome, the spheres for its lamps, the mountains its pillars, the vistaed vales its aisles, and cataracts and oceans, the voice of many waters, its resounding hymns—if amidst even such scenes a man awakens to the consciousness of the surrounding

grandeur, how often is his sensibility interpreted into driveling sentimentality!

Arthur. You grow dithyrambic, as Socrates said of himself when conversing with his friends on a kindred subject. Mankind are indeed generally stultified and absorbed by Mammon or sensuality, and the great panorama passes on in transcendent beauty or solemn grandeur scarcely observed by most of them. Goethe's glorious "Chorus in Heaven" represents the seraphim as imbibing strength by gazing on the rolling spheres; men gather from them cunning calculations for Mammon, observations of latitude, tides, &c. But there are some sincere worshipers, who stand smitten with reverence and love amidst the sanctity of the great temple. The few children of genius, and the men who, not having genius, yet have an elevated taste, hear reverberating musically amidst its columns that voice which "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." To such the procession of the busy multitudes in the city thoroughfare becomes a moving gallery of portraits as much more striking than those of Lawrence or Vandyke as the reality of nature is above the imitation of art, and nature itself becomes a vast and endless series of pictures in full light by day, in *claro oscuro* by night. And how varied are the splendors of the exhibition! Yesterday I spent one hour before breakfast in passing over our four miles' route. Every hundred rods of it presented a new picture. As I entered the highway, I observed the tops of the mountains on the east tipped with the coming sun, while the wreathing clouds above them fitted to and fro as if buoyant with the early brightness, and the fogs of the river below were rising and rolling away in snowy masses. I passed the thick woods yonder; the brook leaped gladly along its margin, the shadows of the night still lingered low among the huge trunks of the trees, while their tops were already tinted with the advancing light, and the whole hillside rung with the early music of the birds. My heart shared the general gladness, and I involuntarily wept for joy. As I passed the rustic bridge that crosses the stream two miles beyond, the little basin or lake into which it enlarges, lay below smooth as a mirror; the oblique rays poured in upon it at one end in a broad pencil, streaking its surface and illuminating its transparent depths to the very bottom; the trees around it cast their outlines on the liquid mirror, and the shrubs and wild flowers that bent over its banks were defined upon it, as if it were surrounded by a crystalline floral margin, while ever and anon a bird skimmed the brightening surface, or sung in the overhanging foliage. It fixed my gaze as with the fascination of a magic scene. I passed on, thanking God for his bountiful works. Ascending the hill on the other side of the bridge, I came to the small farm-house which stands there embosomed among trees and flowers. The smoke curled among the foliage from its kitchen chimney, betokening the good rustic breakfast; the front windows were

raised to admit the fresh breath of the morning, and the fragrance of the flowers; the cat lay on one of the window-sills, looking forth calmly on the serene landscape, as if even she felt its sweet influence. On the highway the plough-boy was driving his cows to the fields, rubbing his yet drowsy eyes, and shouting languidly to them, as if too soon awakened from his slumbers. The cattle lingered to browse on the grass of the wayside, which still glistened with the dew-drops, and the veteran house-dog plodded lazily in their midst. On reaching the summit, what a prospect lay before me—the decorated sky; the gilded mountain-tops; the glens below half illuminated; the deeper valleys still in darker shadow; the comfortable farm-houses with their spirals of smoke; the fields here occupied by the tranquil cattle, there ringing with the song of the early reaper, or the sound of the scythe and the whetstone; the sheep wandering up the hillside for the tender grass; the scattered hamlets, with their illuminated church spires in the distance. Such were some of the scenes through which I passed in the course of that single morning hour; and such are but a specimen of what nature is incessantly presenting to us if we would but open our eyes to see them. Would that men could be induced to behold God's marvelous works! they would bless him from their hearts, and grow happier and better.

Heinrich. Amen to your prayer; and may God break the spell of sordid blindness that darkens the universe to the sight of men, and make the scales to fall from their eyes, that they may behold his glory, which irradiates all things! I feel at times as if I should like to seize the trumpet of the archangel who is to awake the dead at the judgment, and sound it through the world, calling upon men to look forth from the cramped casements of their selfish and sensual lives upon the glorious heavens and the beautiful earth—upon the stars, the mountains, and the valleys, the waters and the woods—to lift their leaden eyelids, shake themselves from the nightmare oppression of Mammon, and rejoice and bless God amidst the universal joy of his works. The humblest peasant or mechanic has but to open his eyes to behold choicer pictures than the gold of kings ever brought to their galleries.

Arthur. But we are lingering: let us away; for the sun is near the horizon. Look how his oblique beams glance on the stream a hundred feet below us yonder, while the shadows of the mountains are prolonged far down the ravine! The swallows soar high and buoyantly, as if intent on enjoying the last bland light of the day; the evening hum of the insects begins to fill the atmosphere; and the fulgurance of the west is heightened by the growing shades of the east. How beautiful—how tranquilizing the scene! But let us away, to meet again soon, I hope, under as happy auspices.

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"INDECISION," says Dr. Paley, "keeps the door ajar, but decision shuts and bolts it."

AN UNWRITTEN STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY WILLIAM P. LYON, A. M.

On the banks of the lovely Pocantico, a stream pursuing its sinuous course for several miles beneath the picturesque shades of "Sleepy Hollow," and entering the Hudson at Tarrytown, stands the ancient, castle-like stone building known as the Beekman homestead. Its venerable occupant has lately, after a sojourn of nearly a century, paid Nature's last debt and descended to a peaceful tomb.

Retaining the full exercise of her vigorous faculties to the advanced age of ninety-four, Mrs. Cornelia Beekman's society was courted by old and young. Thither the writer has frequently resorted, delighted, to listen to her vivacious conversation, and her spirited narrations of scenes with which she had been conversant during her long and eventful life. Endowed with a retentive memory and fine conversational powers, it was always her delight to recur to the reminiscences of her early life. As she lived here amidst the scenes of the Revolution, occupying what was familiarly known as "neutral ground," her opportunity for intelligence of the times could hardly be surpassed; and she ever retained a most vivid recollection of those spirit-stirring events. She was, withal, a thorough patriot, and could tell to breathless listeners many deeds of patriotism, unrecorded, because the actors were unknown to fame, that might well deserve to be emblazoned on the historic page. The most interesting account I ever heard of the capture of Andre I had but second-handed from one of the captors through Mrs. Beekman.

I have chosen this medium to perpetuate an early and interesting incident of the Revolution, that has not, as far as I know, ever found its way into public print. I had the facts from this same old lady, who, being then on a visit to New York, was an eye-witness of part of the transactions, and well informed respecting all the particulars.

The opposition to the oppressive edicts of the English Parliament was nearly simultaneous and universal throughout the colonies. Still, for a long time, it consisted in general remonstrance and in resistance to overt measures, and did not contemplate independence. But the infatuated legislation of the Parliament, and the manifest injustice on which their measures were based, ultimately erased every vestige of the filial feelings which had been so long and ardently cherished by the colonies toward the parent country amid neglect, unkindness, and oppressive cruelty. It became apparent, that, having rendered themselves obnoxious to the government at home, there remained no alternative but determined resistance, or obsequious slavery. There was no hesitation in making the choice; the sentiment of the great American orator touched a chord that vibrated in every patriotic bosom—"Give me liberty, or give me death!"

The bloody scene at Lexington, while it sent dis-

may into the British councils, aroused the spirit and nerved the heart of every true American. The tidings of that eventful skirmish were heralded through the land. It would be extremely interesting to read a detailed account of their reception at the different hamlets and cottages throughout the country. I can conceive of no truer index than that would furnish of the character and spirit of the American people at that day. In the city of New York the news arrived on Sunday, and sent a thrill throughout the community. The Vigilance Committee, supported by the citizens, instantly repaired to the King's store-house, and, forcing the doors, took thence all the arms and munitions of war, and, distributing them among the people, charged them to hold themselves ready to revenge their brethren slaughtered at Lexington.

But one of the most interesting scenes, and that which it is the object of this paper to communicate, was connected with the proceedings of the mechanics at this place.

A few days after the reception of the information of the sanguinary transactions at Lexington, a meeting of the mechanics was called; and it was truly a solemn meeting. This convention was well attended, not by the young and reckless merely; the old veteran from the workshop, even the man of three-score, whose hoary locks and iron frame betokened the assiduous labors of many anxious years, was there; and the middle-aged, whose intrepid countenance needed not words to declare the responsibility he felt, and the undaunted purpose of his soul, was there; and there, too, was the hot-headed young man, whose flushed face and fiery eye bespoke the courageous as well as the amorous heart. That meeting might have betrayed to the arrogant government at home, had they deigned to regard such indications, the spirit of a down-trodden people fermenting and diffusing itself like leaven through the mass, and preparing them to cope successfully with disciplined armies, well-appointed fleets, and whatever influence wealth and artifice might furnish with which to overwhelm them.

When the meeting was duly organized by the appointment of appropriate officers, and opened with a solemn invocation of the Divine blessing, an elderly man, by occupation a cooper, rose without trepidation and addressed the chairman. He said that nearly threescore years had whitened his locks; and though he had attended closely to his own business, he had not been a careless observer of passing events. He had noticed the assumptions of the government over the sea, as well as her actual and reported invasions of our dearest rights and privileges for a number of years past; indeed, he had long apprehended the crisis, which, he rejoiced, had at length arrived. Old as he was, the appalling intelligence from the ensanguined plains of Lexington had fired his soul and nerved his arm for daring deeds, as in his younger days, when he fought the savage red men. For three days past, he said, every stroke of his adze and hammer had

echoed to the name of that proud battle-field, seeming to say deliberately—the sound being mightily significant of the sense—“Re-mem-ber Lex-ing-ton—re-mem-ber Lex-ing-ton;” and his shaving-knife, with like significance, had indignantly uttered, “Brit-ish’ cow-ards’, cow-ards’,” till he had thrown down the knife in disgust, and was now ready for any sacrifice his country might call upon him to make. He sat down amidst the *silent* admiration of that company, for the emotion was too deep for words or noisy applause.

A sturdy blacksmith then arose, and in a most earnest manner gave utterance to sentiments and language hardly to be expected from such a quarter. He had felt, he remarked, the most lively emotions and the warmest sympathies for his brethren at the east. He honored their spirit, and confessed to a feeling something like envy that they should have had the first chance at the villainous red-coats. Like his neighbor Penfold, who had just spoken so feelingly, he said his business, too, had continually reminded him of the calamity (should he not rather say the *blessing?*) that threatened our country. His bellows, in obedience to the pressure, continued to blow its blasts, but it seemed now to utter strange sounds; from morn to night he must hear the dolorous cries of “waw-eh—waw-eh—waw-eh.” His anvils still rung to the well-plied sledge, but the most piercing cries of “ven-geance, ven-geance,” would salute his ears the live-long day. He closed with a spirit-stirring appeal, and an offering of himself for the service of his country.

Next an energetic carpenter named Twitchings took the floor. “Tis strange,” said he, “how similar is the experience of all true patriots. Methinks the spirit of liberty must impregnate the air we all breathe.” He went on to say that his planes had had a voice ever since the tidings were received from Lexington the previous Sunday, uttering, with portentous signification, the ominous words, “Sla’-eve—sla’-eve—sla’-eve;” and his saws had articulated, with unmistakable distinctness, “The-tyrant—the-tyrant—the-tyrant.” He was ready for the sacrifice, and, if it became necessary, would gladly immolate himself upon the altar of his country’s liberty. “And do I not see the response,” said he, “swelling in every heart and ready to burst from the lips of those around me—*So would I?*” He sat down; but the practical eloquence of these hardy sons of toil had all the time been working like leaven in the minds and hearts of the hearers. Twitchings had no sooner taken his seat than every man, electrified by a simultaneous impulse, rose to his feet, and a spontaneous cry of “*Down with the tyrant! we will not be slaves!*” burst from every mouth in the assembly.

The enthusiasm of that hour was adequate to any emergency, and pregnant with terror to all tyrants. Other speeches were made, practical, impassioned, and right to the point; but it would lengthen this article too much to report more of their proceedings, save the unanimous resolve, en-

forced by nine hearty and heart-felt cheers, that, one and all, they would suspend their vocations and take up arms in defense of their liberties. To prove their sincerity, it was also determined formally to bury their implements of industry till peace and liberty should smile upon a disenthralled land.

The next day was to witness the denouement, and high were the anticipations of these burning patriots; they were about to stake their all in defense of their inalienable rights, and they doubted not that that God who had bequeathed those rights would stand by them in the contest. The tardy day at length arrived. There might have been seen, in the vicinity of the Bowling-Green, a large gathering of mechanics, constantly increasing by accessions from every direction through the various streets that converge at that park. Each one brought a selection from his proper implements of business. About mid-day a committee charged with the duty arrived with an ample bier, supporting a coffin of unusual dimensions, designed to receive the immolated tools of the mechanics. One and another stepped up and placed his tools in the coffin; and when it would hold no more, others still, desirous of consecrating their service to the holy cause of independence, insisted on burying their tools, also, and the ample bier beside the coffin was loaded with the additional offering. The bier was then placed on an open carriage, escorted by twelve worthy bearers, and an immense procession of resolute men was at once formed.

Though the notice was short, the interest of the occasion was so intense that the streets were thronged, not with idle, curious, heartless spectators, but with those who had come for the purpose of encouraging the spirit of resistance. There were aged fathers and mothers, upon whom the star of hope had now at length dawned. How their sparkling eyes betrayed the gladness of their hearts as they saw their sons thus committing themselves to the resistance of tyranny! There were fond wives, whose tearful eyes too plainly told the sad emotions of their hearts. There were joyful youths, whose resolute countenances seemed to say, “If father or brother falls, I’ll take his place.” O, there were no careless observers there! It was no reckless move got up for effect, nor bravado show of daring. It was the current of a strong tide, setting in the direction of liberty, which nothing could resist. The very bone and sinew of the land, countenanced and encouraged by friends, and impelled by regard for their dearest and most sacred rights, had come to the deliberate and firm resolve, to consecrate themselves to the work of liberty and independence.

That was indeed a solemn procession; and weighty thoughts were pondered by those heroic sons of toil. As it moved along with funeral pomp and state, methinks a Briton’s heart might have quailed in view of the determined courage so strongly depicted on the brow and displayed in the firm tread of those undaunted patriots.

On reaching the place of interment, in the vicinity of the present Washington Park, the company, which had swelled, by constant accessions during the march, to many thousands, now surrounded the grave, a living, breathing sea. The coffin was lowered to its "last resting-place." One of nature's own orators stood upon the hearse, and, inspired by the occasion, for half an hour riveted the attention and roused the enthusiasm of that vast multitude by a most impassioned appeal to their patriotism. Terrible was the responsive acclamations on that occasion, encouraging the hearts of the sons of freedom; but boding only ill to the adherents of despotism. Slowly and resolutely did those valiant sons of toil leave the burial-place, to take arms and hasten to the battle-field—many, alas! never to return, but they were prepared for the sacrifice. That was the spirit that secured our independence. To the sacrifices of our forefathers do we owe the inestimable blessings of liberty which we now enjoy.

MUSINGS.

BY A. BILL.

THERE'S not a step
Which feeble man, in all his course, can take
Through this wide world alone. He seems alone,
Yet moves not unattended, wheresoe'er he goes.
Legions of spirits hover in his path,
Or fly on airy pinions all around.
Some, light as heaven itself, dispense their joy,
While others, dark as night, and treacherous
As sin, obscure the golden sunlight from
Our souls, and creep, like serpents, all along
The track of man's sad journey to the grave.
Angels as well as men, and devils, too,
Have their affinities, and link themselves
So firm with other natures like their own,
That none but God can sunder such strong ties.
Man is the clay they mold—the instrument
Of good or evil upon which they play.
Let but the curtain for a moment drop,
Or the thin vail of flesh be laid aside,
And man would find himself encircled with
A chain of intellectuality
Divine—infernal—that would startle him,
And give at once to his most trivial acts
A character, a meaning, and results
So strange, so mighty, and so wonderful,
That every feeble thought of his sad heart
Would seem to crush him with a mountain's weight.
There's not a thought that moves his soul, or marks
His strangely-varied way, but may be traced
Through secret links to agencies like these.
There are no little things. If thou wilt strive
To measure what to thee seems very small,
Thou wilt not find sufficient compass in
Thy varied powers to scan their great extent.
There's not a dust so small but it may claim
Relationship to this stupendous globe;

And the great globe itself is but a dust
Compared with other worlds.
Whichever way
We turn or move, 'tis all infinitude.
Ah! who can trace a single, golden grain
Of shining sand upon the ocean's shore
To its remotest dust? or tell to me
The countless atoms such a sand contains?
Or who can show the point, *precisely*, where
Diminished magnitude can dwindle down
No more?

Thou canst not tell what agencies
Are moved when thy dull brain crowds out
A single thought; or what that thought will do
On the strange mission whither it is sent.

The gentle perfume of some fragrant flower
That floats so sweetly on the morning air,
Say, who will tell how vastly it expands,
Or measure up the countless parts of which
It is composed?

'Tis mystery all; and man, frail man himself,
The greatest mystery.

THE PASSING RACE.

BY ERASO JULIAN.

MUSING on scenes of faded grandeur past,
Who hath not mournful retrospection cast
On mighty nations pass'd from earth away,
Their prowess half forgot in long decay?
Or wand'ring haply on some foreign strand—
A strange, inhospitable, desert land—
If chance some monument of ancient art
With wonder fix the eye or move the heart—
Like those which cumber lone Palmyra's breast—
What troops of fancies startle from their rest,
While toil and learning hasten to impart
The moral of the fading work of art!

Not such the wonders of Columbia's coast;
No classic, moldering ruins can she boast;
Yet still, a more impressive monument
Her fading aborigines present;
While *savants* throng to con the uncouth lore
Of tribes unknown—their records to explore—
A living branch of poor humanity
Is perishing beneath their very eye.
The manners, habits of earth's infant stage
Are present with us in our later age—
The earliest features of the human race
Yet, for a season, meet us face to face.
Soon must that stage—those features—pass away
Before art's bright but uncongenial sway,
And sages then may seek in vain to find
The model Nature left us of our kind.
O, thou, whoe'er thou art, thy nature's friend,
This fleeting human monument attend;
For learning's barren triumphs cease to roam
While Nature, Sympathy, invite thee home.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.*

BY G. P. DISBROW, A. M.

"The man who, in the senate-house,
Watchful, unbired, and uncorrupt,
And party only to the common weal,
In virtue's awful rage, pleaded for right
Example to the meanest, of the fear
Of God, and all integrity of life
And manners."

FOLLOX.

NATURE seems to have impressed the stamp of greatness upon Mr. Adams. A statesman—who equalled him in knowledge of government, history, and public law? The patriot whose manly virtue never accommodated itself to circumstances, and firm in principle amidst the tides of party, like the ocean rock, he remained unshaken whilst surrounded by storms and tempests—whose talents were always devoted to righteousness, and his voice, before the bar of justice, or in the councils of the nation, heard on the side of virtue. How long and arduous, in the national assembly, did he struggle for the *LIBERTY OF SPEECH*, and the *inalienable RIGHT OF PETITION*! But he finally triumphed in his vindication of these great privileges of our common Constitution.

He was an eminent civilian—a lawyer—a jurist—a poet. His mind was imbued with profound knowledge and science. An indefatigable student through life, there was scarcely a subject upon which he had not contemplated; and hence his great wisdom and the amount of his knowledge. The mines of history seemed to lay clearly open to his research, and by the wonderful power of his memory, he appeared able to recall what he had seen, heard, or read. He repeated with the greatest facility passages from authors in various languages, and was intimate with the minutest historical details—names and dates. More than once have I been in the company of this eminent man, and his conversation filled me with awe and wonder, such was his accumulated knowledge and intellectual power.

"*Humanum est errare*;" and Mr. Adams would have been more than human always to have been right, and especially through such a long public career as he passed. Indignant at injustice and the wrong—quick in feeling—sometimes he manifested impetuosity. But look at his whole life and acts; where can we find such dignified simplicity, such devotion to noble purposes, such honorable deeds, and such exemption from error?

And what, after all, was the chief source of power in the character of this eminent and departed statesman? Not simply knowledge, nor intellectual strength, nor eloquence; these were all-powerful aids; but the origin of his influence was the purity of his private life, and the religious sentiment by which it was governed. An admirable example of fortitude, temperance, and humility,

a religious sense of his dependence upon God, formed the principle of his virtues and conduct. Vast as was his acquaintance with books, there was no volume he read more than the sacred Scriptures. He studied his Bible daily and critically, and delighted in its study. For his own pleasure, he made a paraphrase of all the Psalms; and whilst on a foreign mission at St. Petersburg, he wrote the well-known series of letters to his son on the study of the holy Scriptures. How profound was his veneration for the sacred writings may be imagined from this testimony:*

"So great is my veneration for the Bible, and so strong my belief that, when duly read and meditated upon, it is, of all books in the world, that which contributes to make men good, wise, and happy, that the earlier children begin to read it, and the more steadily they pursue the practice of reading it throughout their lives, the more confident will be my hope that they will prove useful citizens to their country, respectable members of society, and real blessings to their parents. I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once every year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning after rising. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day."

During one of the last years of Mr. Adams' life, he passed a portion of commencement week with President Quincy at Cambridge. On the morning after the public exercises, Mr. Quincy, knowing that his friend rose at early dawn, went to his apartment, and found Mr. Adams, notwithstanding the fatigues of the previous day, earnestly engaged in reading the Bible. What an example to great men as well as to lesser intellects!

Mr. Adams was the oldest Vice-President of the American Bible Society, and presided at the public meeting which the Society held in the Capitol, Washington, February 26, 1844. He made an eloquent address upon that occasion, and under the very dome where he expired, four years afterward, almost to a day. There he pronounced the following strong testimony in favor of the *BIBLE*:

"I deem myself fortunate in having the opportunity, at the stage of a long life drawing to its close, to bear, at this place, the Capitol of our national union, in the hall of representatives of the North American people, in the chair of the presiding officer of the assembly representing the whole people—the personification of the great and mighty nation—to bear my solemn testimony of reverence and gratitude to that book of books, the *HOLY BIBLE*."

He maintained that the natural powers of the mind were not sufficient to discover the truths revealed in the Scriptures, but required a special revelation from God. To his son he writes, "And may the merciful Creator, who gave the Scriptures for our instruction, bless your study of them, and make them to you fruitful in good works!"

The excellency of the Christian religion was often the subject of his conversation; and during

* Concluded from page 29.

the very last interview which he had with an intimate friend of the writer, the Rev. Mr. Gurley, chaplain of Congress, Mr. Adams lamented that the members of that body were so careless about eternal things. These traits shone with peculiar brilliancy among others which have rendered him one of the most eminent, virtuous, and wise men of the age. What a sublime life to contemplate! Devoted to the public good, whether standing at the helm of state, or in his closet pondering the learning of Greece and Rome, he ever turned to the sacred volume for light, strength, and comfort. Bowing in humble adoration before God, he looked to the *BIBLE* as the true charter of our political safety, the guide of his life, and the source to which he went for direction and strength.

It is thought that Mr. Adams desired to die, like Lord Chatham, in the midst of his public labors. Such a wish seems to be patriotic and sublime; and in the solemn council of the nation, where he had so long and so faithfully labored, there finally were severed the ties which bound him to the earth. He died in his eighty-first year; and, the battle of life finished, every trace of past agony had disappeared. His beautiful, polished brow was unwrinkled, and his own peculiar pleasing seriousness seemed still to be lingering about his face, as if he had only fallen into some delightful slumber.

How beautifully does this dying scene contrast with that of another great human spirit, born only two years after John Quincy Adams! He became, like Mr. Adams, the supreme magistrate of a mighty nation—a Consul. He desolated Europe again and again, scourged the earth, and marshaled his forces into long and majestic columns for universal dominion. But the nations of the world resisted, the pageant ended, and the imperial crown fell from his daring and presumptuous brow. Then we behold him—an exile and a prisoner—on a lonely island, in the wild Atlantic, looking forth, at the earliest dawn and evening twilight, toward that far-distant world that had eluded his ambitious grasp. His heart corroded. He sickened, and, as his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain. The pageant of life again returned. Once more he was Emperor of France—once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed to the conquest. Waving his sword aloft, he cried, "*Tete d'armee!*" The silver cord was loosened, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. This was the end of earth with NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. "*This is the last of earth: I am content,*" were the dying words of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

ABSENCE.

O, ABSENCE! by thy stern decree,
How many a heart, once light and free,
Is fill'd with doubts and fears!
Thy days like tedious weeks do seem,
Thy weeks slow-moving months we deem,
Thy months, long-lingerin years!

THE VIRGIN MARY.

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, A. M.

MARY is the earliest of the female characters that meet us in the New Testament Scriptures. She was the daughter of Heli, and was, as well as her husband, descended of the royal line of David. She appears to have been a native of Nazareth; and when she is first introduced by the sacred writer, her hand is pledged to Joseph, and the marriage day is approaching. It is during this interesting interval that the great event of the annunciation occurs. A solemn day was that in Mary's history—a day unexpected—unthought of previously, and afterward never to be forgotten. Up to this morning, she was as others of her sex and age, and bloomed, a lovely being, somewhere within the city Nazareth. True, we know nothing of her previous history; yet we do not think of her as having ever before looked upon superior beings, or listened, in amazement, to unearthly voices. There is no wonder, then, that when that angel being met her she was astonished; and that when those sentences of heavenly beauty fell upon her ear she was troubled. No extraordinary destiny, it is probable, ever arose to occupy her youthful dreams. Her sober, thoughtful mind, as it gazed into the future, embraced, it is true, delightful prospects; yet were they such, and only such, as a thousand lovely maids have looked upon, as they welcomed the delicious visions of forthcoming and joyous happiness. Joseph, if we do not misjudge both him and her, was the man of all others to be greatly loved by Mary. Intelligent, righteous, candid, generous, and merciful, he was the fine and noble counterpart of that female loveliness and worth which, probably, have never been excelled. Her union with him, then, was contemplated with calm and sunny hope, and their united and happy destinies on earth would witness, as she trusted, a peaceful evening, and they would pass, afterward, away to the heavenly Canaan.

Were not something like the above the limits of Mary's modest though brilliant hopes, on the morning of Gabriel's visit? But a scene, new and altogether extraordinary, opens now. The Virgin is no longer on a level with others of her sex. "Blessed art thou above women," is announced to her from an authority more than human, and, henceforth, all generations must contemplate her as standing alone. There is none like her—there can be none. She is the first of her sex, from the ancient "mother of all living," down to the last maid that shall bloom in beauty, at the opposite and far-off extremity of Adam's race. Standing as in the centre of human generations, there she rises, with a sublimity unearthly, to the gaze of a wondering world, her form beaming with a radiance soft, yet novel and awful, and with a beauty above human and peerless. Whoever speaks of her now, let him pause as he pronounces a name, not merely pleasant, but holy, and

attaching to itself associations as interesting and as sublime as man's immortal weal. Is it a goddess, as we approach her—a being once human and terrestrial, and now all suddenly deified and registered with celestial intelligences? Nothing of this. Spare your adorations and your prayers. Worship God! Here rises no divinity. Humanity is still here; but who shall tell its exaltation? Who shall appreciate the overwhelming enchantment of this strange picture? The pen trembles and falls here. Amazement seizes the bewildered spectator; the eye grows dim; the spirit's depths are stirred; the natural powers give way; the whole being, like the Virgin alone and looking upon that angel stranger, is troubled; strange visions, such as never waked before, rise up, though dimly, then flit away again, as within the shadows of eternity.

Who shall describe the interview, when that swift immortal hailed the gentle Mary? Who shall portray that presence? What was the beauty of that countenance—the glory of that eye—the brilliancy of those tresses—the music of that voice—the divine gracefulness of those motions—the fragrance of those robes of immortality? Which way came he as he entered? In what direction lay his course as, retiring, he passed away heavenward?

Is it wicked, that, with longings irrepressible, we revolve such inquiries? Since, sometimes, human eyes have looked upon heavenly forms, and human ears have listened to celestial voices, is it a forbidden curiosity, when, in the soul's deep struggles, it looks out through the portals, and weeps to desry beings that once touched this earth, and have walked and conversed with humble and lowly ones, and, in music such as is never heard from human lips, have whispered to one, "Thou art greatly beloved!" and to another, "The Lord is with thee!"

Thus was Mary saluted. Was she within doors, or abroad upon the mountain ramble? Was it in open day, or when the shadows of night were reposing softly upon hill and dale? Did he tarry long, or was he soon away again, nearing the shores of paradise? It is not essential; nor is it essential that Gabriel should come to me. His mission to Mary was as if to every individual for whom a Savior was about to be revealed.

It seems needless to remark the exceeding appropriateness of so sublime an announcement as that to the favored Mary. If mere men, as Isaac and the Baptist, eminent though they were, might be heralded by angel messengers, much more should we expect such extraordinary proclamation to precede the advent of Him who was the greatest of all prophets, and whose kingdom was to last for ever. Strange that such a superhuman manifestation should ever raise a doubt in a Christian mind! What thoughtful man would not wonder, rather, at the absence of such species of notice? Is not the entire process of redemption superhuman? When the Divinity became united with humanity—when the rescue of a wicked world from sin, and from death eternal, was planned—when a greater

work was about to be consummated on earth than the creation of thousands of material worlds, was it so strange that celestial messengers from heaven to earth should precede and accompany so momentous a crisis in God's providential and gracious dispensations? On the contrary, all is in keeping. It was fit that movements so sublime and wonderful, should be announced by angels, and that voices from other worlds should be heard right early, proclaiming the coming of the Desire of all nations.

And the message is given, the maid listens with astonishment, believes what she hears, acquiesces in the Divine plans, and receives the angel's blessing.

When the scene again opens, Mary is hastening far from home to commune with Elizabeth. Arriving, strange salutations again meet her, as she enters the mansion of her cousin. Prophetic words are once more breathed forth, and again are the blessings of Heaven pronounced upon the Virgin, while, in glad response, her own lips are opened, and, in a song of matchless beauty, she praises the God who had exalted her to be the admiration of all generations.

The scene of her perplexity then follows soon; but Joseph is a just and feeling man; and his heart, though doubtless racked and torn with bitterest disappointment, yet leaned toward mercy. He would not destroy the supposed guilty one. He was prudent and sincere, and God met him, and pleaded for the innocent, and banished all his fears, and restored him again to his virtuous and beloved Mary. "He will never suffer the righteous to be moved."

Jesus Christ is born!—born of the Virgin Mary! Of this great event it scarcely becomes us to speak in this connection. It stands out prominently in the history of the universe, and will attract to itself the admiration of holy intelligences so long as "life, and thought, and being last." All suddenly it drew heaven down; and voices without number, and such as never before lighted on the ears of fallen beings, breathed their triumphant minstrelsy in the vicinity of this earth. Long before, indeed, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. But this was when the world's foundations were laid, and before sin had spoiled the new-created scene. Four thousand years had rolled slowly and sadly away, while no heavenly harp was heard in human habitations, or abroad in blooming groves, or aloft in mid air. Superior beings were away; or if, at distant intervals, they approached our world on errands of mercy or of vengeance, it was to linger but for a moment, and then again "fly swiftly" from scenes of guilt and woe too mournful for the eyes of angels. The moment of Christ's incarnation was the moment, in the history of man, when heavenly voices first sung in the ears of sinners. It was in the dark night, and shepherds, at their vigils, were the favored auditors. We wonder not that they were "sore afraid," nor that, as they saw those hosts return heavenward, they said one to another, "Let us go to Bethlehem and see!"

Mary, as is natural, appears now and then as we trace the inspired history of the Lord Jesus. Wherever we discern her along his infancy and childhood, we always behold her deep and tender interest, her fullness of affection, her unfeigned modesty and humility, her sober thoughtfulness, and the exceeding propriety of her whole bearing and conduct. It might seem that, deeply penetrated with a sense of the transcendent dignity of her position, she most assiduously eschewed every word, and act, and thought inconsistent with such elevation. She never intrudes herself upon the popular gaze. Her words are few and select. Perfectly assured of the extraordinary character and destiny of her son, she, at the same time, moves with the strictest prudence, and, instead of noise and ostentation, she "keeps all these things, and ponders them in her heart." In the public career of Christ she is profoundly interested, in all his movements taken not her eye away from him, lingers near him to the last, and is in one of the groups who, standing afar off, see him suspended from the cross. Then and there it was that she felt the wound predicted to her by Simeon—and a sword pierced through her own soul, as she constrained herself to witness the agonies of him who was, at the same time, her son and her Savior. That son—O, wondrously beautiful!—in the very act of dying for the eternal life of a world, gave her in charge to the beloved disciple, in order that quietness and plenty might bless the evening of her days.

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KOSSUTH.

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BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

NOBLE spirit! Nature's nobleman! Thy name shall yet be honored with the great and renowned. The historian and poet shall yet weave for thee a chaplet worthy thy character and noble deeds. Though driven from thy native soil, thou shalt not be forgotten. Thy memory shall be fondly cherished wherever liberty reigns, and thy self-sacrificing labors in the cause of freedom shall be chronicled in enduring annals, and read with grateful interest by coming generations. Thy name shall be associated with the noble band of patriots whom the world shall delight to honor.

KOSSUTH was born in a humble village in the north of Hungary, April 27, 1806. His parents were poor but respectable. At an early period he was fond of study; books were his delight, and his noble soul panted for knowledge. Friends came to his assistance, and he was enabled to drink deep at the fount of science. The law was his profession, and in it he became thoroughly versed. But Providence evidently designed him for another sphere. He was to enter the field of conflict, and contend for liberty. For this he was eminently fitted. He well understood the nature of that cause in which he was to engage, and he looked forward with deepest interest

to the results that must follow its defeat or triumph. His whole soul was in the work; it beat strong for liberty; and though he knew it could be secured only by a painful struggle, and, perhaps, the sacrifice of life, yet he was fully prepared to pay the price.

He early espoused the cause of liberty. "Before he was thirty years of age, he was considerably known in politics; and in 1835, when a strong opposition existed against the Austrian government in the Hungarian Diet, he was employed to conduct a liberal paper. The government reports giving no idea of the real sentiments expressed in the Diet, Kossuth resolved to give true reports of its proceedings in his paper, for which purpose he learned stenography. And how does the reader imagine this paper was issued? In manuscript! This was the only way in which it could be got before the country; for so strict was the censorship over the press, that nothing of a liberal tendency could possibly go into circulation. Think of the immense labor to which this necessity subjected him. A number of persons were employed to assist him in copying, and the paper was sent to all parts of the country in letter form. The government, however, having no law on its side, soon found means to work without law—every one of these letters were abstracted from the mails. When this was discovered, the supporters of the enterprise, with unconquerable energy, devised and executed the plan of forwarding the whole issue by express to every town. Thus was the oppressive law evaded; and thus, even in spite of Austrian power and vigilance, was the fire of Kossuth's soul communicated to the heart-altars of every kindred spirit in the land. The government was perplexed what course to pursue. At length six persons suddenly disappeared: Baron Wesselényi, the most formidable enemy of the government in the Diet, Kossuth, the editor of the opposition paper, and four students of law, leaders in the young men's political clubs. For above three years the public was entirely ignorant of the fate of these persons. At last, in 1839, they appeared again as mysteriously as they had disappeared, not even knowing themselves where they had been; for they had been seized secretly, and conveyed blindfolded to dungeons, from whence they were brought out in the same manner. But what horrid change three years in damp, filthy dungeons had made! Wesselényi was blind, Lovassy, one of the students, crazed, and the rest dangerously ill. Kossuth seems to have escaped the least affected, though his constitution was thereby much shattered."

His imprisonment did not quench the fires of his soul. Liberty was his all-absorbing theme, and he became more intent than ever on achieving for it a glorious victory. He hated oppression, and was determined to seek its overthrow. He had now reached a point where he could not be idle. Austria, by her cruel procedure, had greatly increased her own dangers by giving Kossuth advantages

attaching to itself associations as interesting and as sublime as man's immortal weal. Is it a goddess, as we approach her—a being once human and terrestrial, and now all suddenly deified and registered with celestial intelligences? Nothing of this. Spare your adorations and your prayers. Worship God! Here rises no divinity. Humanity is still here; but who shall tell its exaltation? Who shall appreciate the overwhelming enchantment of this strange picture? The pen trembles and falls here. Amazement seizes the bewildered spectator; the eye grows dim; the spirit's depths are stirred; the natural powers give way; the whole being, like the Virgin alone and looking upon that angel stranger, is troubled; strange visions, such as never waked before, rise up, though dimly, then flit away again, as within the shadows of eternity.

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When the scene again opens, Mary is hastening far from home to commune with Elizabeth. Arriving, strange salutations again meet her, as she enters the mansion of her cousin. Prophetic words are once more breathed forth, and again are the blessings of Heaven pronounced upon the Virgin, while, in glad response, her own lips are opened, and, in a song of matchless beauty, she praises the God who had exalted her to be the admiration of all generations.

The scene of her perplexity then follows soon; but Joseph is a just and feeling man; and his heart, though doubtless racked and torn with bitterest disappointment, yet leaned toward mercy. He would not destroy the supposed guilty one. He was prudent and sincere, and God met him, and pleaded for the innocent, and banished all his fears, and restored him again to his virtuous and beloved Mary. "He will never suffer the righteous to be moved."

Jesus Christ is born!—born of the Virgin Mary! Of this great event it scarcely becomes us to speak in this connection. It stands out prominently in the history of the universe, and will attract to itself the admiration of holy intelligences so long as "life, and thought, and being last." All suddenly it drew heaven down; and voices without number, and such as never before lighted on the ears of fallen beings, breathed their triumphant mirthsly in the vicinity of this earth. Long before, indeed, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. But this was when the world's foundations were laid, and before sin had spoiled the new-created scene. Four thousand years had rolled slowly and sadly away, while no heavenly harp was heard in human habitations, or abroad in blooming groves, or a.oft in mid air. Superior beings were away; or if, at distant intervals, they approached our world on errands of mercy or of vengeance, it was to linger but for a moment, and then again "fly swiftly" from scenes of guilt and woe too mournful for the eyes of angels. The moment of Christ's incarnation was the moment, in the history of man, when heavenly voices first sung in the ears of sinners. It was in the dark night, and shepherds, at their vigils, were the favored auditors. We wonder not that they were "sore afraid," nor that, as they saw those hosts return heavenward, they said one to another, "Let us go to Bethlehem and see!"

Mary, as is natural, appears now and then as we trace the inspired history of the Lord Jesus. Wherever we discern her along his infancy and childhood, we always behold her deep and tender interest, her fullness of affection, her unfeigned modesty and humility, her sober thoughtfulness, and the exceeding propriety of her whole bearing and conduct. It might seem that, deeply penetrated with a sense of the transcendent dignity of her position, she most assiduously eschewed every word, and act, and thought inconsistent with such elevation. She never intrudes herself upon the popular gaze. Her words are few and select. Perfectly assured of the extraordinary character and destiny of her son, she, at the same time, moves with the strictest prudence, and, instead of noise and ostentation, she "keeps all these things, and ponders them in her heart." In the public career of Christ she is profoundly interested, in all his movements takes not her eye away from him, lingers near him to the last, and is in one of the groups who, standing afar off, see him suspended from the cross. Then and there it was that she felt the wound predicted to her by Simeon—and a sword pierced through her own soul, as she constrained herself to witness the agonies of him who was, at the same time, her son and her Savior. That son—O, wondrously beautiful!—in the very act of dying for the eternal life of a world, gave her in charge to the beloved disciple, in order that quietness and plenty might bless the evening of her days.

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KOSSUTH.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

NOBLE spirit! Nature's nobleman! Thy name shall yet be honored with the great and renowned. The historian and poet shall yet weave for thee a chaplet worthy thy character and noble deeds. Though driven from thy native soil, thou shalt not be forgotten. Thy memory shall be fondly cherished wherever liberty reigns, and thy self-sacrificing labors in the cause of freedom shall be chronicled in enduring annals, and read with grateful interest by coming generations. Thy name shall be associated with the noble band of patriots whom the world shall delight to honor.

KOSSUTH was born in a humble village in the north of Hungary, April 27, 1806. His parents were poor but respectable. At an early period he was fond of study; books were his delight, and his noble soul panted for knowledge. Friends came to his assistance, and he was enabled to drink deep at the fount of science. The law was his profession, and in it he became thoroughly versed. But Providence evidently designed him for another sphere. He was to enter the field of conflict, and contend for liberty. For this he was eminently fitted. He well understood the nature of that cause in which he was to engage, and he looked forward with deepest interest

to the results that must follow its defeat or triumph. His whole soul was in the work; it beat strong for liberty; and though he knew it could be secured only by a painful struggle, and, perhaps, the sacrifice of life, yet he was fully prepared to pay the price.

He early espoused the cause of liberty. "Before he was thirty years of age, he was considerably known in politics; and in 1835, when a strong opposition existed against the Austrian government in the Hungarian Diet, he was employed to conduct a liberal paper. The government reports giving no idea of the real sentiments expressed in the Diet, Kossuth resolved to give true reports of its proceedings in his paper, for which purpose he learned stenography. And how does the reader imagine this paper was issued? In manuscript! This was the only way in which it could be got before the country; for so strict was the censorship over the press, that nothing of a liberal tendency could possibly go into circulation. Think of the immense labor to which this necessity subjected him. A number of persons were employed to assist him in copying, and the paper was sent to all parts of the country in letter form. The government, however, having no law on its side, soon found means to work without law—every one of these letters were abstracted from the mails. When this was discovered, the supporters of the enterprise, with unconquerable energy, devised and executed the plan of forwarding the whole issue by express to every town. Thus was the oppressive law evaded; and thus, even in spite of Austrian power and vigilance, was the fire of Kossuth's soul communicated to the heart-altars of every kindred spirit in the land. The government was perplexed what course to pursue. At length six persons suddenly disappeared: Baron Wesselényi, the most formidable enemy of the government in the Diet, Kossuth, the editor of the opposition paper, and four students of law, leaders in the young men's political clubs. For above three years the public was entirely ignorant of the fate of these persons. At last, in 1839, they appeared again as mysteriously as they had disappeared, not even knowing themselves where they had been; for they had been seized secretly, and conveyed blindfolded to dungeons, from whence they were brought out in the same manner. But what horrid change three years in damp, filthy dungeons had made! Wesselényi was blind, Lovaséy, one of the students, crazed, and the rest dangerously ill. Kossuth seems to have escaped the least affected, though his constitution was thereby much shattered."

His imprisonment did not quench the fires of his soul. Liberty was his all-absorbing theme, and he became more intent than ever on achieving for it a glorious victory. He hated oppression, and was determined to seek its overthrow. He had now reached a point where he could not be idle. Austria, by her cruel procedure, had greatly increased her own dangers by giving Kossuth advantages

which he could not otherwise have had. He had gained public sympathy, and the popular tide was fast setting in the direction of freedom. Another paper was soon started, called the *Pesti Hirlap*, of which Kossuth was the editor. It was a popular sheet. In one year it went up from five hundred and sixty-three subscribers to eleven thousand, and was sought for by every peasant; and in order to be able to read it, many of the Germans and Slavonians learned the Hungarian language. It became, at once, a mighty instrument in diffusing liberal principles among the people. The government could not endure it; they saw its tendency was to liberty—liberty for which thousands of its oppressed subjects were sighing—and it must be put down; and by a wicked plot the government succeeded in bribing the publisher, and thus brought about the dismissal of the editor.

Kossuth was still in the field. Though unable longer to send out his burning thoughts through the press to stir the nation's mind, yet he was ready for another department of labor, "He took a leading, moving part in reforms, and in the dissemination of general intelligence. He founded societies for the encouragement of domestic manufactures, and for the construction of public roads. In six months from the founding of 'protection societies,' we are told that more than half of Hungary were pledged to wear articles of domestic manufacture only." Thus was he carrying the people with him; for they regarded him as their true and steadfast friend. Nor was their confidence misplaced. In 1847 he was elected a deputy from Pesth in the Hungarian Diet; and from this important post he wielded an influence that made despots tremble. Never did a man evince a stronger attachment to a beloved country.

He took an enlarged view of the results of his efforts, and of those that sympathized with him. He saw that those results would not be confined to Hungary. Hear him in his proclamation to the people:

"The struggle of Hungary is not our struggle alone. Our victory is the victory of freedom for the nations. Our downfall is the downfall of their freedom. God has chosen us to redeem the people from material bondage by our victory, as Christ has redeemed humanity from spiritual bondage. If we succumb, the star of freedom sets over all nations. Thus do we feel ourselves to be the consecrated champions of the freedom of the nations."

Noble sentiments! They are enough to immortalize his name. Well has it been said, "If other luminaries of the Hungarian sky be clouded for a while, or go out in rayless darkness, Kossuth rides above the horizon, without a spot to dim his brightness, or a cloud to obstruct his splendor."

Should he see fit to leave Turkey and visit this country, he would receive a cordial welcome to our shores, and be permitted here to enjoy that liberty he sought in vain in his own native land. Happy should we be to extend to him our fraternal greetings.

FUGITIVE LETTERS.

NUMBER III.

BY REV. H. MCGLURE.

FAITH is an element of power. By it the worlds were made, and by it still the world is overcome. If "truth is the strongest of all things, next to the Almighty," as John Milton hath it, so faith is the strongest of all things, next to truth. By truth God rules the empire of the mind; by faith man may exercise a vast, though subordinate, control over the same mighty empire.

Faith is a moral demonstration that settles the mind—a foundation on which to build up the towering hope of immortality, like the eternal pyramids, based broadly on the rock, and pointing evermore to heaven. It gives to our most blessed imaginings of the Invisible a distinctness of outline, a richness of drapery and coloring, and a solid subsistence, that makes them real as truth itself. They are thus daguerreotyped upon the brain, and, with a silvery brightness, stamped upon the soul for ever.

Faith kindles truth into a blaze, and throws its radiance over all this valley of tears. Patriarchs and prophets, evangelists and martyrs, walked in its heavenly light; so have the truly pious in every age; and even now there are many to whom this lofty principle is something more than mere profession.

To show that there are some of this class in the Church of God, and that, even in this superficial, doubting age, faith has not wholly lost its power, let me give you the following sketch:

The reader is probably aware, that what is called the Western Reserve, in Ohio, has a ridge that runs parallel with the southern shore of Lake Erie, and which, according to some geologists, constituted its ancient boundary. From this elevated table-land the streams divide north and south, toward the Ohio river on the one side, and the neighboring lake on the other. Among those that take a northern direction, there is not one more beautiful or more romantic than Rocky river, which, as its name imports, rolls over a bed of stone, and through masses of overhanging rocks, until it is lost in the blue depths of Erie. A cool, clear stream, with many a long reach of calmly-flowing water, diversified here and there with glittering cascades and foaming rapids, it gently flows, or rushes along with no mean velocity, over pebbles, boulders, and torn fragments of rock, left there, it may be, by the subsidence of some mighty flood.

I have seen it in the depth of winter, when the numerous little streamlets of snow-water that run down the sides of the rocky banks, and the spouts of the cascades, were frozen into gigantic icicles, while thousands of smaller ones hung down from evergreen branches, and the trees were sheeted over with the same bright substance. At such a moment

it was easy to imagine the frost-work pillars to be the richly-carved and fluted columns of a magnificent but grotesque building, reared by the genii of the north as a palace for their winter king. But when the blood-red sunset kindled all these into chrysolite and ruby, and when the dependent icicles glowed and burned like lamps lighted up for evening service, then it seemed to be a temple built by nature for the worship of its God.

There are some fine evergreens on the banks and in the vicinity of Rocky river. Hemlock, spruce, and pine, and even the fir tree and the cedar grove are there. In truth, it is a lovely stream to gaze upon, at all hours of the day, and in all seasons of the year.

It is now about thirteen years since I first beheld that river, and became acquainted with Mr. John Baldwin, who lived upon its eastern bank. He was a holy man, though a very singular one. In his external appearance one would hardly think him a fair representative of the nineteenth century. And yet, in very sooth, he had a soul in him big enough for any century, past, present, or to come. When I first saw him, he was dressed in garments of domestic manufacture, and seemed careless of his garb and person. His bare neck and bosom courted the free winds of heaven. The dark locks upon his head were moist with evening dew. If he had sandals on, thought I, and a hat, on which to wear a scallop, he might pass very well for an ancient pilgrim. Indeed, I am not sure but that just then he did chime in, with Wesley,

"No foot of land do I possess—
No cottage in this wilderness—
A poor, wayfaring man."

Not so, however. He had a cottage, and was the owner of some broad acres of the richest land in all that region. The comforts and the luxuries of life were his; at least, they were at his command. But then he derived his happiness from spiritual, not from material sources; and his piety had taught him to say that he was only a steward over these things, holding them in trust from the great Proprietor of all his earthly blessings.

Mr. Baldwin was a great admirer of John Wesley. The sincere single-mindedness, the lofty patriarchal faith, the active self-denying zeal in doing good, and the large-hearted benevolence, for which the founder of Methodism was distinguished, had made a deep impression on his mind. No wonder that, of all mere human beings, he should make the character of this truly apostolic man the selected model of his own life. Like him, he cherished a deep love of truth, believed as seeing Him who is invisible, made holiness his motto, trampled the world under his feet, and despised glory and fortune, or valued them only as they were means of doing good. He was resolved to make all he could by industry, to save all he could by strict economy, and give all he could in justice to himself and family. In accordance with this principle, he made a solemn vow to devote his all to God. When

asked in what manner this was done, he replied, "By a resolution I formed, based on the Bible as explained by Mr. Wesley, I determined to appropriate my entire income—aside from the necessities of life for myself and family—to the cause of benevolence—a resolution which I have seen no reason to change." This last expression gives us the result of his experience for fifteen or twenty years, in which light it becomes a beautiful illustration of the power of faith and goodness.

He thought he was acting in the spirit of this resolve, when, in company with others, he entered a certain half religious, half socialistic association that was established at Berea about thirteen years ago. But by underwriting for the purchase of a community site, and otherwise attempting to sustain this impracticable scheme, his affairs were much embarrassed, and at length, on the total failure of the enterprise, he became involved to the amount of \$20,000.

This was a severe trial of his faith. Ruin stared him in the face. At best, there seemed to be no other prospect than one of much privation, poverty, and suffering. It was an awful crisis. Satan was there to throw the shadows of dark thoughts upon his soul. His vow, the being of a God, the truth of Divine promises, the seeming indifference with which his own well-meant sacrifice was treated, the past, the present, and the future, in forms distorted, and like phantasmal figures, danced wildly before his brain.

Two beaten paths are now before him—dishonesty and despair. Which will he choose? Neither: by the grace of God, neither. He knows of a better way, and, from past experience, can say,

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

He had often tried the strength of prayer; and why not now? Away, then, Christian, to thine accustomed spot, where the leaves are wet with holy tears. Hie thee to the garden and the cross—to the ark of the covenant over which the glory rested.

Alone and musing by the river's side! The blush of evening is on the sky. Star after star lights up the dome of heaven. So deeply red are the sun's last rays, that the forest and the cedar grove seem to be on fire. At such a moment the man of God is on his knees; he seeks direction in the midst of his perplexities; the covenant is renewed, and the vow repeated once again. 'Tis written on the golden leaves—the very language of his prayer—"that if God would bless, and make a way for him through the Red Sea of all his troubles, a tabernacle should arise in the wilderness as a memento of gratitude and love." The prayer is answered; and, lo! the earnest of it comes, in sweet resignation, and a faith that triumphs over despair.

Not long after this it was discovered that the stone, composing the bed and sides of Rocky river, was of the very best quality for various manufacturing, mechanical, and scientific purposes. It was found to be a vast accumulation of stone of a peculiar and most valuable kind—of fine diamond

grit, and equal to that imported from foreign countries. Was it chance, or providence, think you, that led to this discovery? By means of this sudden and unlooked-for source of wealth, he was soon relieved of his pecuniary embarrassments. Fortune smiled upon his path—prosperity rolled upon him like a flood. Riches were now to try his virtue, and put his constancy to a severer proof than even calamity itself.

But the faith of Mr. Baldwin was like gold tried in the fire. He remembered that he had a vow in heaven. His entire surplus income was devoted to benevolence. It therefore became a question of some interest in what manner, and to what specific objects, this property should be appropriated. In the enlightened spirit of a true son of Wesley, he determined in favor of education and the cause of missions.

Behold now the lofty character of the man who denies himself of superfluities, that he may give to others with a liberal hand! If he has no taste for worldly ease and pleasure, he certainly knows how to appreciate intellectual and moral culture. He prefers "the luxury of doing good." An institution of learning was to rise on the banks of his beautiful stream; and soon a temporary building was erected, entirely at his own expense, at a cost of about \$3,000. Of this building, designed for a seminary, or the nucleus of a college, with seventy acres of contiguous land, together with the rich and inexhaustible stone quarry, Mr. Baldwin made a generous donation to the North Ohio conference. His only conditions were, that, while the proceeds of the quarry should inure to the benefit of the institution, a certain annual per centage was to be reserved and appropriated to the missionary cause; that the conference should patronize the school and keep it forever free from debt. But still \$1,500 was needed to supply the school with stoves and other necessary fixtures. Of this Mr. Baldwin paid the whole amount himself. Thus his original resolution was at length carried out, and on the very spot pointed at by the finger of divine Providence. It is worthy of being noted here, that immediately after the North Ohio conference lost the control of Norwalk Seminary, the Baldwin Institute, free from all encumbrance, was placed beneath its fostering care, to be an ornament and a blessing to the Church.

I am glad to know, that, in all respects, the school is now in a state of great prosperity. A superb brick building for seminary purposes, of larger dimensions than the first, and in better style, has been recently erected, and paid for. A commodious boarding-house is also finished. They have good philosophical and chemical apparatus, and other educational appliances, sufficient to give interest to the various branches of natural science. Of the seventy acres of land donated, fifty-five have been sold, and the funds invested, ten acres are included in the quarry, and five in the square connected with the buildings. The quarry is composed of ten acres of rock, ten feet thick, sufficient

to supply three hundred tons of grindstones per year for three hundred years, so that they will derive a handsome revenue from this source. One feature of this institution pleases me much—each preacher of the conference has the privilege of sending one child to school, tuition free. If this were the case in all our Methodist colleges and seminaries, it would greatly enhance their usefulness, and tend to make them more popular—among the clergy.

The school is well patronized; and I am sure it will deserve to be so as long as Rev. William Logan Harris, A. M., shall continue as its Principal. He is a young man of much promise to the Church.

Such was the rise and progress of the Baldwin Institute. Founded in faith and charity, may hope point it ever to a glorious future! Its history deserves to be more widely known, that the power of its example may be felt by the rich men within the bosom of our Church. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

DEATH OF COWPER.

BY STELLA.

Cowper, for several years before his death, suffered from an irrepressible melancholy, which at length settled into still despair. But his biographer tells us, that after he became speechless, his features assumed "an expression of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise."

'TWAS in the month of joy and glee—
Of sunny lapse and showers,
When all the world of melody
Went up from leafy bowers,
Beneath the morning's rising ray
The dying poet Christian lay.
Through open casement idly strayed
The soft and genial air,
Around the sick man's temples played
And stirred his moisted hair;
This day shall end his weary years,
And stop for aye his "tuneful tears."
His painful struggles with the world
Are drawing near the close;
The wing that soared in song is furled
For nature's long repose;
But, lo! his noble features bear
The awful image of despair.
The heart which oft has brought relief
To many an aching breast,
Itself is filled with secret grief,
And sighs to be at rest;
Though sunshine all around him lies,
On him no healing beams arise.
But darker yet death's heavy shade
Is falling o'er his brow;
And ne'er were lip and eye arrayed
In smiles so bright as now;
The first sweet glimpse of paradise
Left on his face its glad surprise.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY JOSEPH BRADY.

THE present age, from its various tendencies, has been variously denominated. By some it has been called the "golden age," because the love of gold—or filthy lucre—seems predominant. One great author calls it a "precocious age"—"an age when boys and girls, from fourteen to twenty, can unite in replenishing the earth, and college tyros, just initiated in the rudiments of science, sally forth from college walls to astonish the world with brilliant experiments and profound lectures on the wonders of creation—when boys and girls elope, without parental advice or consent, for matrimonial bliss, and college youths elope, without the advice or consent of their guardian professors, to enter into a matrimonial connection with experimental science." In view of all which he exclaims, "O, romance! how thou dost intoxicate! and O, insanity! how thou dost madden the brains of the sons and daughters of men!" Some one, not inappropriately, has termed it the "age of steam." But a few years have elapsed since the introduction of steam as a motive power, and yet in those few years it has already taken the place of the more cumbrous agencies of former times, and promises to even add to its extensive usefulness. It is applied to machinery, from the most simple and minute to the most complicated and powerful. Propelled by this agency, railroad cars are made to skim over the land as the light-winged bird, and "floating palaces" to "walk the waters like a thing of life." The waves of old ocean have lost many of their terrors—dull, plodding labor much of its irksomeness.

If the present be termed the "age of steam," the next should be called the "age of electricity;" for that agency is speedily taking the place of steam. It has already been employed with astonishing success in propelling railroad cars, and from its cheapness, safety, and universality, will, doubtless, come to be exclusively used as a motive power. It is as free as the limpid stream that falls over yonder precipice—as widely diffused as the light of heaven. It constitutes the vital principle throughout all animate creation; and the chemist, in the vast laboratory of nature, has found no substance which is totally impervious to it.

But were *I* to be asked for a name by which to designate this age, which should be more appropriate than all others—at least, than any of those named—I would simply call it the "age of improvement." In agriculture—in the means of inter-communication—in the various branches of science and art—improvements have been made, excelling, by far, those of any other age, and—might I not add?—in our own country, surpassing those of any other nation. Our grandfathers widened the paths of the Indians into roads for their burden carts. Our fathers replaced them with turnpikes or sub-

stituted railroads, and, fancying they had reached the *acme* of human improvement, when, on one occasion, their mails had been borne at the rate of sixty miles per hour, they, in their exultation, termed it "lightning speed." Ah, little thought they, in their pride, that their children would soon rival, and even surpass them, by taming that very element—the lightning—and rendering it subservient to the uses of man! Professor Morse, with his telegraph, might now triumphantly answer in the affirmative the question put to Job: "Canst thou send the lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" Already has the telegraph been constructed in our very midst, and an instantaneous communication opened between Cincinnati and the eastern cities. We are placed within one second's distance of the Atlantic seaboard, and can as conveniently, and in less time, obtain information from them than from our next-door neighbor. Louisville, St. Louis, New Orleans, are in like manner connected, and soon it will be extended to all the cities and villages of the Mississippi Valley, and of Texas. Nor will it stop at those. With Whitney's railroad—if it do not precede it—it will wind its "zig-zag course" across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast, or thread its way beside the path of the emigrant and gold-hunter to California's remotest shore, thus connecting the most distant extremities of our country in a firm bond of brotherhood. Nor will even the limits of our country bound its range. It will extend to Mexico, to South America, to Britain, to the continent of Europe, to Asia, Africa, the islands of the Pacific and the South Sea.

Do you call me a visionary projector, and this a visionary project? So you would have termed him who would have predicted, ten years since, that today this wonderful invention would have been in successful operation at Cincinnati. Yet it has come to pass; and they who laughed at its pretensions, and would hear not a word of the prediction, now join in admiration of the inventor. And would you deem me mad were I to advance the opinion, that, within ten years, a telegraphic communication will be opened between New York and London? Those who survive ten years will have a better opinion of the project.

"But how," asks an objector, "are the broad billows of the mighty Atlantic to be crossed? and how their violence counteracted?" Very easily done. Think you that Yankee ingenuity and American avarice will permit themselves to be baffled by the angry waves of old ocean? Never. Let the telegraphic wires be sunk to the depth of one or two hundred feet, and fastened by means of cables. These, supported by the specific gravity of the salt water, could thus be extended from city to city—from New York to London—from Boston to Liverpool—from Baltimore to Paris—from Washington to Alexandria—from New Orleans to New Holland—from Oregon to China. "But," I am asked again, "would not the violence of the waves tear them from their moorings and destroy them?"

Not so; it has been ascertained, from repeated observation, that below a depth of thirty feet the waters of the ocean are never agitated, even in the most violent tempest, so that they would remain secure in their position.

Does any one ask what advantages are to result from all this? Is any one so blind as not to see them? Are they not manifest in our telegraphic land communications? But the advantages to result from the present system are trifling compared with those of the more-extended one. To mention but a few: the position of these telegraphic wires would be definitely laid down on the charts of each ship. Besides a telegraphic apparatus, they would carry with them, as now, instruments to ascertain their position at sea. Suppose, then, a ship in distress in any part of the ocean. The crew would connect the telegraph on shipboard with the wires beneath the surface, give notice of the fact to the nearest city, and of their position. Immediately a ship would fly to their aid, not wafted by the fitful breezes, not driven by the force of destructive steam, but skimming over the water with lightning speed, propelled by means of electricity. Their danger would be small—their rescue almost certain.

A criminal to avoid punishment, leaves Paris. Descriptions of his person, with an account of his crime, are sent to all places whither there is any probability he may have gone. He is apprehended, and suffers the penalty due to his crime.

This noble invention is to be the means of extending civilization, republicanism, and Christianity over the earth. It must and will be extended to nations half civilized, and thence to those now savage and barbarous. Our government will be the grand centre of this mighty influence. They will gradually, yet speedily and surely, assume our customs, manners, and form of government, as the Cherokee Indians have done. We will have a greater influence in civilizing and refining them than if, without this, their territory was lying contiguous to ours; for we can thus act on the whole nation at once. The beneficial and harmonious operation of our institutions will be seen, and similar ones adopted. Christianity must speedily follow them; and we shall behold the grand spectacle of a whole world civilized, republican, and Christian. Then will wrong and injustice be for ever banished. Every yoke shall be broken, and the oppressed go free. Wars will then cease from the earth. Men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more;" for each man shall feel that every other man is his neighbor—his brother. Then shall come to pass the millennium, when "they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know ye the Lord; for all shall know him, from the least of them unto the greatest." Then shall the whole world be united in one vast republic.

PASSING AWAY.

BY PROFESSOR LAMARRE.

ACCIDENTALLY opening a book lying on my table, my eye fell on these words, "*This, too, shall pass away.*" The motto is said to have been chosen by an eastern sage, as a talisman, alike effectual in the days of prosperity and the sorrows of adversity. Much of life with us, gentle reader, is already passed away—passed in childhood; nor can it return again. Our earliest recollections, now dim and fading, are of the mother who clasped us to her breast, and hung sleepless over our helpless infancy—the mother who watched our fitful slumbers through many a long night of sickness, breathing over us the prayer of faith, and of hope, and of love—the mother who taught us to speak, to walk, and to pray—the mother whose gentle tones soothed our ruffled temper—the mother whose bright eye beamed delight when we were good, and filled with tearful sorrow when we were bad. That mother has passed away. Her voice no longer animates us to youthful exertion. Her lip smiles no more. Her eye is closed—closed for ever; nor will it look again on the light of morn, or evening twilight, or the green earth, or on us. The long grass of many a year's growth has become matted with many-twined roots in the turf that forms her covering in that silent bed where she sleeps the long sleep of the grave.

Our next recollections are of our little brothers and fair sisters, with whom we whiled away before the door the long summer day. Brother and sister, with hand twined in hand, we ran up and down the garden walks, or rambled over the fields, picking flowers on the hillside. With tiny hands we dabbled in the brook—with light foot we chased the shadows over the lea—with stealthy tread we crept to the butterfly on the rose—with ringing laugh we skipped among the lambs. At early morn we rose to look out on the summer sky, and to listen to the caroling of the lark, the monotone of the robin, and the mellifluous music of the thrush. At noon we lay reclined in the shade by the brook, admiring the springing grass, the wild-wood violet, and peeping leaf bud. At night we returned tired of play, and amidst sweet dreams reposed till morning. The world was all bright and sunshiny. The hill, the vale, the wood, the brook, all furnished sources of amusement and pleasure.

"O, the merry days—
The merry days when we were young;
Naught shall seem like the dream
Of the merry days when we were young."

Those days are passed away. With them have passed the little brother and the fair sister. The little foot that tripped lightly with us over the lawn, lies motionless in the grave. The soft hand that was clasped in ours, is folded helpless on the breast. The voice that sounded so merrily, is

hushed and silent for ever. Tuneless is the harp that emitted so joyous tones, and moldered the form that stood in beauty by our side. In the church-yard, by the side of the mother, sleep the little sister and the little brother.

Though passed are the days, and gone on a returnless journey are the associates of childhood, yet faded are not the pictures of memory. Every beautiful scene has left daguerreotyped on our soul its image, and there will it remain for ever, fresh and fair, in primeval beauty. To it in the darkened chambers of the heart we may often turn, and look on it, as on the image of a lost friend; nor will the review be profitless. Go on, then, happy child. Gather up while you may the glittering gems scattered like dew-drops along your pathway. Though to others but common pebbles, to you they are pearls. Build your castle in the air. Beautiful is it while it stands, and when it tumbles, its fragments may be beautiful still. The colors of the soap-bubble are no less beauteous because evanescent. The hues of sunset are not less gorgeous because followed by gloomy darkness. The meteor while it shines is often more brilliant than the fixed star. Admire the butterfly while it is spreading its gay wings, and before winter comes, when you will see it no more. Chase your shadows while there is sunlight to see them; for soon darkness will gather over all the horizon. If fairies invite you to the enchanted bowers of imaginary beauty, go along with them. The substances of childhood are, it is true, evanescent. But the pictures thereof are permanent. They form a gallery in the inner chambers of the mind. When the eye grows weary with the bleak and barren prospect of age, you may turn to the gallery of childhood's pictures, and in the conceptions which they restore find relief from hideous forms.

Seek not, then, too soon to break the spell which fancy throws over childhood. The enchantment will of itself give way full soon enough. The dreams of childhood are as essential to the moral as sleep to the physical development. Let the child, therefore, by Fancy's pencil, delineate pictures to lay up in store for future requisition. Let the seed of moral truth be early implanted in his young mind. It may long lie imbedded beneath unpropitious circumstances. No sprout may shoot out, no germ appear, and no signs of life be exhibited. The day will yet come when, under favorable influences, it will push out its bud, open its flower, and mature its fruit. If paradise can ever be realized on earth, it is to be found in the retired, quiet, beautiful, rural spot, surrounded by domestic influences. The ties that bind us to the home of maturity take hold of the heart. The domestic relations open in the heart of men fountains of feeling of whose existence he was unconscious. Deep seated in the inmost recesses of the soul, unobserved by the passer-by, hidden even from ourselves, they remain sealed up until the domestic key unlocks them. Then they gush forth in one

unremitting and perennial stream, making green the sear spots of earth.

Beautiful to the eye of mature life is the scenery of home—a cottage embowered in roses and honeysuckle, and looking out on green fields and waving forests—a garden with winding walks and shady bowers—a stream flowing by and losing itself in a valley perpetually green—birds singing in the branches of blooming trees, and children playing on the grass-plot, and running to meet you returning home, peeping with their bright eyes through the fence, and clapping their little hands for joy that you are come.

"This, too, shall pass away." Over all this bright scene there may fall a shadow deep and dark. Let but one of those little voices be hushed in death, and never to your ear will sound the music of nature so soft and sweet as before. Let but one of those light hearts cease to beat, and never again will your own be merry as before. Let but those bright eyes be closed, and the coffin's lid, and the heaped-up earth, shut out from them the light of heaven, and never again to your eye will the sunshine of earth be bright as before. There will seem to have passed from earth something beautiful which can never be restored.

When once, in the maturity of life, we have known sorrow—when once the heart has been frozen by the cold sympathy of the selfish world—when once our hopes have been blighted by disappointment—when once the spirit has been crushed by misfortune—when once the soul has been overwhelmed by bereavement, we never shall be again what once we were. For the sake of others we may smile as before, but when the smile is most cheerful the heart may be most sad. The world, however, may know nothing of it; for we shall learn in time that "every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger meddleth not with its joy."

In the busy whirl of human life, we are hardly aware of the changes which are constantly passing over us. If, after an absence of years, we return to the home of childhood, we may become sensible of the transformation which we have undergone. I saw a man of mature age wending his way along the winding path he had often trodden from school, in boyhood's halcyon days, to the home of early life. A very happy child had he been—buoyant in hope, elastic in mind, cheerful and irrepressible in spirit. His eye was not yet dimmed by age, nor his physical strength abated by time. But gray hairs were sprinkled over his head—a cloud was on his brow—a shadow on his heart. He came to the play-ground of his childhood. He climbed the hill, from which he saw the lovely landscape whose beauties had never faded from his memory. He went to the spring gushing out beneath the rock, and drank one long, deep draught of the waters, sweeter to him than those of Parnassus, or Helicon, or Arethusa. He followed the brook meandering through the vale, and drew as in youth the wary

trout from the deep waters. He sought the ever-green bower on the plain, and laid himself down and slept beneath the very same cluster of pines whose rustling leaves had often, by inimitable music, lulled him to repose in happier days. Yet all would not do. The wanderer's heart was sad. The changes of earth had passed over him. The bright and the beautiful had faded from his sight. The lovely of earth were sleeping wakeless, some in his seagirt native land, and others far away toward the setting sun. The gray-haired man arose, looked once more on the landscape of childhood, then turned away toward his forest home, despairing of ever again restoring the sweet fancies of other days.

We, too, ourselves, shall pass away. The places that know us will know us no more for ever.

" Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears;
Nor yet in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image."

The morning shall come to earth, and the sun send forth his brightest beams, yet shall not the darkness that has gathered around thee be dispelled. Spring shall return, and the earth put on her new robe of green, and in place of the decaying stock shall come up the fresh flower.

" But when shall spring visit the moldering urn,
Or when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?"

It is often said that time is passing away. It is not, however, time, but the mutable and material relations of time that are evanescent. Time is a stream ever flowing, never resting, but it leads to the great, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity. This never passes away—never—never—never.

The material universe itself shall also pass away. The heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll and disappear. The earth and all the works therein shall vanish. But there shall be in place thereof a new heaven and a new earth, of spiritual and eternal fabric, and in which shall be gathered all of the good and true to dwell for ever.

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SHORT SERMONS FROM THE POETS.

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NUMBER VI.

—
BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

—
"O thou vast ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!"

—
BARRY CORNWALL.

AMONG the manifold works of the Creator, there is none better calculated to lead the mind up to the great Original than the sea. Less marred than any of the works of his lower creation, the contemplation of it brings us nearer to him. More expansive than all else below, binding the earth in its crystal zone, it becomes a fit emblem of that love which invites all to its embrace. View it at morn, when peaceful as an infant in its slumbers, at noon, when

the awakened winds have lashed its waves to madness, at eve, when its waters are softly sinking to rest, or at the solemn noon o' night, when the heavens above, in all their deep and spiritual beauty, are mirrored in the wave below, and the mind must be enchained by its placid loveliness, or awe-struck by its wild and fierce commotion.

Canst thou behold its vast expanse, without the thought of eternity pressing on thy soul? Canst thou gaze upon its foam-capped billows rushing to the shore, with a sweep as resistless as that of a band of white-plumed warriors rushing on the ranks of the foe, without thinking of the power of Him who controls its angry floods? or, hushed in the moon's pale beams, without thoughts of heaven and unutterable peace? Go forth at eventide to meditate on its sandy barrier, and, as the surges break on the shore, listen to their deep and solemn revelations: in the uplifted voice of the multitude of waters, hearest thou not the echo of the song of the redeemed? Hearst thou not in its hollow murmur the voice of Eternity speaking to Time? Indeed, gaze upon it when we will, its boundless expanse, its chainless freedom, the purity of its flashing waters, and the deep melody of its solemn voices, all combine to extort the exclamation, "Holy, religious, pure, unfallen sea!" How like God in its unsullied, unchangeable purity! How like the peace he imparts, when it sleeps in waveless splendor! How like his just indignation, when its billows are upheaved and dashed in wild and terrible confusion by the breath of the storm! Gazing on its vast immensity, man feels his own littleness, pride is changed to humility, boasting to shame; his tongue fails to interpret the feelings which rush over his soul, and his very silence is eloquent praise.

How like the secrets of eternity those which are concealed in its bosom! How many of earth's fairest and bravest have their resting-place in its coral caves, and over what costly jewels and flashing gems do its waters sweep! To us in time, the ocean is a fit emblem of eternity; for every stream bears to it a tribute. The torrent which comes leaping down the mountain side, the streamlet that murmurs through the sequestered vale, and the river which marches on in majestic pride, all reach the sea at last.

And thus it is with the children of time. The stream of every life, be it the brawling brook of gleeful childhood, the leaping torrent of ardent youth, the stately flow of manhood's river, or the sluggish stream of age, all, all, at last, are mingled in eternity's ocean.

Does the sea tell of purity?—let us strive to be pure. Does it tell of peace?—let us seek to have the waves of passion lulled by Him who spoke to rest the waters of stormy Galilee. Does it speak of wrath when its waves dash high?—like him who in the deluge ship outdrode the storm which swept myriads to destruction, let us fly to the ark which will survive the final storm, and bring us at last with joy to the sweet haven of peace.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1850.

THE LAND OF SNOWS.

THE country between Moscow and Petersburg, Russia, is about as dreary and melancholy a territory, inhabited by human beings, according to travelers, as can be found on the globe. There is nothing to catch the eye but an impoverished soil and patches of wretched, stunted forest. The very cattle take after the country—poor, ill-grown, and twisted up—as if the climate oppressed the beasts in the same ratio that despotism tyrannizes over the human beings. Both nature and government seem to be in league to render existence miserable. The horizon seldom bounds the view of the plain, as the obstacle of a bush or a fence on the dreary level, conceals miles of its extent without a rise or undulation to mark its distance beyond; "in fact," according to Mr. Thompson, a British resident of the Imperial Empire, "there is no scenery to fix the memory—no bits of landscape to gladden the eye." *

The people live in wood or log-houses, rough and unhewed, with moss and lime stuffed in the interstices. The gable end invariably fronts to the road or street, and is frequently edged with a kind of lace-work of carved wood, often painted in gay colors, which presents a singular sort of rustic elegance to the eye of the beholder. The rooms are close, dark, unwholesome, and scantily furnished, always wanting the luxury of a bed. In the winter time the inhabitants of these houses wrap themselves up in sheep-skins and stretch themselves on top of the stove, and thus take their night's rest. In the summer they either throw themselves on the benches fixed round the room, or resort to an open balcony affixed to the house, or lay themselves at full length on the ground by the side of the street.

"I have seen long lines of these sleeping figures," says the writer above quoted, "wrapped up in their sheepskins, in many of the villages we passed, sunk in so deep a slumber that I have stepped over them and entered the houses without disturbing them." The general aspect of their villages is monotonous; they consist always of two rows of houses removed to some little distance from the road, already too wide; and as the distance from St. Petersburg increases they look more impoverished and neglected. Every house stands alone, surrounded with a small, wooden fence, within which a variety of domestic offices are grouped, and which gives them an air of ease and comfort—qualities, in fact, that they do not in any degree possess. Poor, however, as the people are, and wretched as are their habitations, they are ready, for the smallest compensation, to give the traveler a cup of tea and a night's lodging.

FREAK OF A POET.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the celebrated author of the "Pleasures of Hope," was naturally of a serious temperament. Occasionally, however, his solemnity relaxed, and he gave himself up to a little fun. There was a respectable apothecary residing in Glasgow by the name of Fife, who had over his door, printed in large letters, "Ears pierced by A. FIFE," meaning the operation to which young ladies submitted in having their ears punctured for rings. Mr. Fife's next-door neighbor was a spirit-dealer by the name of Dr. Campbell, in company with his brother Daniel, and a

third party who is still living, got a long, thin, deal board and painted on it in capitals.

"THE SPIRIT-STIRRING DRUM—THE EAR-PIERCING FIFE."

This they nailed one night over the contiguous doors, much to the annoyance of Drum and Fife, but greatly to the amusement of every body else in Glasgow.

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHTINGALE

PHILOMELA is the classic name of the nightingale, as our readers are generally aware. Due honor, in all ages, has been given to this bird as a songster. The Germans have not only been the admirers of its melody, but some of them have even attempted to interpret its song. Bechsten, a German rhapsodist, had a pet nightingale whose song he interpreted as follows:

HEART-BREATHING POETRY

HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester, England, was born in the year 1591, and died in 1699. On the death of his wife, whom he passionately loved, he wrote the following exequy, which, for depth and tenderness of feeling, has never been excelled:

"Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted:
My last 'good night!' thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake—
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keep empty in thy tomb.

Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrow breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee;
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
When Sleep breathed his drowsy gale."

Comment upon such lines would, rather than any thing else, seem to disturb the sanctity of repose which they are calculated to inspire; yet we cannot forbear the exclamation, O, what a *good night* is this! and what a *one good morrow* will that be when husband and wife will rise to recognize and embrace each other in the morning of the resurrection of the just!

GEORGE WHITFIELD

CONNECTED with the life of this celebrated preacher is an anecdote which probably is not generally well known in this country, but which gives an additional

interest to his character. By some means or other Mr. Whitfield obtained very early and private intelligence of the schemes of the British Parliament to tax the American colonies. The account is thus given in Gordon's History:

"Mr. Whitfield, ere he left Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, on Monday afternoon, April 2, 1764, sent for Dr. Langdon and Mr. Haven, the Congregational ministers of the town, and upon their coming and being alone with him said, 'I can't in conscience leave the town without acquainting you with a secret. My heart bleeds for America. O, poor New England! There is a deep-laid plot against both your civil and religious liberties, and *they will be lost!* Your golden days are at an end. You have nothing but trouble before you. My information came from the best authority in Great Britain. I was allowed to speak of the affair in general, but not to mention particulars. *Your liberties will be lost!*'"

The historian informs us that Dr. Langdon told him the above in private conversation, and that the Doctor also mentioned it in a sermon preached before the convocation of ministers.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

THERE was, a century or two since, in England a man called the water-poet, by the name of Taylor. The origin of the cognomen we do not now recollect. He had, however, but little reputation as a scholar, and less probably as a correct moral philosopher. Being rallied in company on his wit, he was challenged to write something which no one else could, whereupon, almost impromptu, he produced the following sentence: "*Lived I did live & evil did I dwell.*" The sentence reads forward and backward the same. Can any of our readers give us a sentence of equal length similar to it?

EQUANIMITY OF MIND.

TALLEYRAND, though by no means worthy to be taken as an exemplar, was possessed of one trait of character which it were well for every one in Christendom to have. It was his imperturbable self-possession and coolness under any provocation of spirit or reverse of fortune. On one occasion he lost over two millions of francs at a stroke, and when the news was communicated to him his countenance remained unchanged. He uttered not a word, but immediately went to work in adopting a system of economy which would save him large sums annually, though, it is true, somewhat at the expense of the feelings of his family. Some time after this catastrophe, a small party of select friends had assembled in the Rue St. Florentin. Talleyrand sat down with a pamphlet in his hand, while the others spent their time in conversation and in walking about. In a little time Talleyrand was observed to be asleep, and his pamphlet was at his feet wide open. One of the party anxious to know how it was possible for him to go to sleep under such circumstances, walked softly up to the prince and picked the pamphlet up. *It was a malignant libel on Monsieur de Talleyrand.*

THE RIVER JORDAN.

THE banks of this stream, at the present time, are beautifully studded with vegetation. The cultivation of the ground near it, however, is not what it ought to be, nor what it might be, if the crops were secured to the cultivator from the desperadoes who scour the region.

The waters of the Jordan are singularly clear and transparent, except in the immediate vicinity of the rapids and falls. Quite an abundance of fish may be observed in its deep and shady course, though there are no bears and lions, as formerly, in the thickets adjacent. The only traces of wild animals are the footsteps of the wild boar, which here and there are visible to the eye of the traveler.

MENTAL DRUNKENNESS.

CAN a man become mentally *intoxicated*? Is mental intoxication physical insanity? These questions have been frequently propounded by learned men, and as frequently answered, but with what satisfaction to readers generally we are not advised. George F. Cooke, an English tragedian of some note, used to say that he frequently fell into a kind of mental intoxication, when he could imagine himself in strange situations and in strange places. His biographer adds, however, that Cooke's *mental intoxications* were always the result of *physical intoxications*; and that when in these humors he could imagine himself in "strange situations and places." It was seldom that he indulged himself in any kind of thought or romancing which merited even the term of coherent madness. The same remark will apply with equal force to most others who talk of or profess to be mentally intoxicated.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH, successor to George the Fourth, King of England, served in early life as a midshipman in the navy. He came to the throne in 1830, and died a few years after. He was supposed to be a friend of the people, among whom he enjoyed an unexampled degree of favor and popularity. Under his auspices, as sovereign, the celebrated bill for Parliamentary reform was passed—a measure which gave a larger influence in Parliament to the middling classes than was previously enjoyed by them.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

FLUENCY of diction and eloquence of thought are entirely distinct things. No man can really be eloquent unless he be well provided with solid sense and solid thought. A discourse clothed with words merely is like a beautiful tree full of leaves, but destitute of fruit. It looks well at a distance, but is of no great use to any one. The efforts of a public speaker to instruct his audience without knowledge are not unjustly characterized as

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

LONG LIFE AND HARD STUDY.

No man can apply his mind to *intense study* for more than six hours in a day without injury to his health. The individual who teaches from three to six hours per day, and spends the same amount of time in laborious study; or the man who to serious study adds from four to five hours of such reading as only gives instruction without apparent fatigue, is making approaches to that line beyond which to trespass is neither compatible with duty nor safety. It is drawing the thread of life to that degree of tension which will cause it to snap asunder at the slightest touch. It is sending to his grave a man who by different action might have lived long to bless his race and attained to an enviable popularity.

NEW BOOKS.

DIXON'S TOUR IN AMERICA. Second Edition. New York: Lane & Scott. 1849.—*Sold by Swormstedt & Power, Cincinnati.*—As there will be a set review of this work in our next number, we will not spend much time in our editorial notice. We think the book has been rather severely handled. It has met with strong opposition everywhere. In England it is unpopular for being too American. In the United States it is regarded, by the leading minds of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as decidedly presumptuous and immature on ecclesiastical matters. The Southern Methodists, while they jump with unexpected joy at the sight of this feature, are sobered again by its anti-slavery positions. In Canada it has been attacked, with unexampled severity, by the Wesleyan organ, because its author says so little, and speaks so disparagingly in what he does say, of the British provinces. The Episcopal Methodists in Canada, though neither hot nor cold toward the work itself, as having no great interest in it, seem to enjoy the disappointment of their Wesleyan friends in respect to it. With all its unpopularity, however, it is a most readable, entertaining, taking book. It is true enough that the "narrative" is full of mistakes: for those pointed out by all the reviewers we have read do not comprise the half of what exist. But these are small things. The writer did not expect to make a book when he was passing through the country; and it is a wonder that he has remembered as many things, with any sort of accuracy, as he has. We have heard and seen some pretty stringent criticisms on the eulogies he pays to certain men; and one of our critics says, that "these eulogies, to be properly appreciated, with one or two exceptions, should be regarded as ironical." This, too, we think quite too severe; for we imagine the Doctor has bestowed his approbation with no little judgment, considering the small opportunities he had of becoming acquainted with those among whom he so transiently sojourned. The truth is, these personal flatteries amount to nothing, at any rate; and no one should condemn a traveler, a foreigner, for making even the most egregious mistakes. If we were disposed to find fault with the work, all these venial errors would be nearly overlooked. It has, indeed, some serious deficiencies. We will briefly indicate what we mean. The author gives us, in his preface, the object he had in view in the preparation of his book: "This volume has been prepared for publication under the influence of one only sentiment; namely, a desire to make the Methodist body in England acquainted with the state and progress of their system of religion in the United States." From this frank avowal we draw almost our sole objection. We say, if such were his object, he has not fulfilled it; and yet, by expressing this intention to the British public, he has done us a palpable injury. He is known to be our friend; he professes to give our state and progress; his English readers will think he has done so, though with the embellishments of an admirer; and yet Methodism, as we understand the term, is not half presented. With all its faults, we make no objection to the Personal Narrative. The Historical Notices, though quite slender, will do very well. But under the head of Institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church lie the grave and hurtful deficiencies of the book. The only "institution"—not institutions—he discusses is the itinerant system. This he analyzes fairly and fully. But what of all the rest of American Methodism? Nothing—or worse than nothing! What of the missionary system? Nothing. He does not even name our excellent missionary secretary. What of our Sabbath school system? Nothing. Our Sunday school secretary and editor, also, is not even mentioned. What of our educational system, the best, in our judgment, in the world? About the same as nothing; for though he refers to several academies and colleges, it is only incidentally in connection with the appointments. What of our vast publishing system, embracing two of the largest book establishments in America, which are annually throwing thousands of volumes into every corner of the land? What of our periodical system, including our weekly, monthly, quarterly, and annual productions, which, to say nothing of our own, are doing immense service to literature and religion? The next thing to nothing. All these are institutions of American

Methodism. They are doing a mighty work in this western hemisphere; and though the itinerant preachers, who established, and who maintain them, are to be reckoned first and foremost in their itinerant capacity, they do not wish, we are sure, to see the works of their heads, and hearts, and hands, brought into existence by many sacrifices, and sustained by many more, entirely neglected by an author professing to represent the *state and progress* of their labors. We feel the same unwillingness. We would not like to have our English friends, nor our own countrymen, judge of what American Methodism has done, in the enlightenment and evangelization of the country, by this interesting, graphic, captivating, but meagre book.

HISTORY OF JULIUS CESAR. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—No living man can fully understand his own age, without knowing, compendiously at least, the constitution and character of the Roman empire. Rome, having borrowed her own civilization from fallen Greece, laid the basis of a new order of things. She made the modern world. But, if it is thus essential to comprehend her character, it must be remembered that the empire was made by Julius Cesar. We regard this emperor as the greatest man ever produced by Rome. He was second only to Cicero as an orator, and, perhaps, in the matter and logic of his orations, his superior. He was, also, a splendid poet, though without practice enough to give him the first station. He would have been the first, however, at any other time than the one in which he flourished. As a writer of the Latin language, as a historian, as a general, as a statesman, Rome never knew his equal. The young reader, therefore, may expect a rich treat in Mr. Abbott's well-written little volume. The expectation will not be disappointed.

It is but fair that an author who is furnishing the public with a series of works be permitted occasionally to speak for himself. We consequently give room for the following paragraph:

"The history of the life of every individual," says Mr. Abbott, "who has, for any reason, attracted extensively the attention of mankind, has been written in a great variety of ways by a multitude of authors, and persons sometimes wonder why we should have so many different accounts of the same thing. The reason is, that each one of these accounts is intended for a different set of readers, who read with ideas and purposes widely dissimilar from each other. Among the twenty millions of people in the United States, there are perhaps two millions, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, who wish to become acquainted, in general, with the leading events in the history of the old world, and of ancient times, but who, coming upon the stage in this land and at this period, have ideas and conceptions so widely different from those of other nations and of other times, that a mere republication of existing accounts is not what they require. The story must be told expressly for them. The things that are to be explained, the points that are to be brought out, the comparative degree of prominence to be given to the various particulars, will all be different, on account of the difference in the situation, the ideas, and the objects of these new readers, compared with those of the various other classes of readers which former authors have had in view. It is for this reason, and with this view, that the present series of historical narratives is presented to the public. The author, having had some opportunity to become acquainted with the position, the ideas, and the intellectual wants of those whom he addresses, presents the result of his labors to them, with the hope that it may be found successful in accomplishing its design."

A CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, MIDDLETON, CONN., 1849-50.—Dr. Olin is President of this institution, and we are pleased to observe, that under his management it continues in a prosperous condition. There are one hundred and four students in the collegiate department.

SECOND ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE FORT WAYNE FEMALE COLLEGE.—One hundred pupils are enrolled in the collegiate, academic, and preparatory departments.

RECENT BOOKS.

A CHRONOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH, being a New Inquiry into the true dates of the Birth and Death of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and containing an Original Harmony of the Four Gospels, now first arranged in the Order of Time. By Rev. Samuel Farmer Jarvis, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845.—This work is very fully and honestly set forth in the above title. We call attention to it, at this time, because we know of nothing of the kind half so able, so profoundly learned, or, in general, so reliable as authority on the points discussed. It would be bold in us to take any exceptions to the work at all; for Dr. Jarvis is not only, as was said of Salmasius by Cassan bon, *ad miraculum doctus*, but has devoted his life to these subjects. Still, in studying his great production, we have marked many places respecting which we think there is abundant room for doubts. As a whole, the work is worth, to any clergyman, twenty times its cost; and we hope to see it more extensively read and studied by, at least, the younger members of the ministry throughout the land. For sale by Swormstedt & Power.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. By the Right Reverend Cosmop Thirlwall, Lord Bishop of St. David's. Two Volumes in one. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1845.—Having read, during the last twenty years, nearly every work relating to the history of ancient Greece, including this production by Bishop Thirlwall, which we have met with in the English language, we feel in some degree prepared to speak of the one before us; and we say, most cheerfully and distinctly, that we regard it the very best history of that famous country now extant. It has been adopted, in the best universities of England and the United States, as a class-book. It is worthy of the distinction. The accuracy of the writer is unquestioned. His style is easy, flowing, beautiful. His reflections are just, pertinent, and suggestive of more than he says, while he says more than most histories of Greece suggest. It is a large octavo of more than one thousand pages. For sale by Swormstedt & Power.

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER. Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. With a Brief Sketch of the Author's Life. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844.—Schiller is now generally regarded as the first poet of modern Germany. Goethe held this rank for many years in the critical world; but the favor of the great public has, at last, turned to his less intellectual but more poetic rival. This translation of Schiller is the best, and the only complete one, in the English language, though some of the smaller poems have been better rendered, as we think, by the contributors to the "Specimens of Foreign Literature," edited by George Ripley. Bulwer's Life of Schiller, though not very critical, is able—beautifully written—charming. The book is put up with great neatness. It is a duodecimo of over four hundred pages. For sale by Swormstedt & Power.

SYMBOLISM; or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings. By John Mockler, D. D., Dean of Wurtzburg, and late Professor of Theology at the University of Munich. Translated from the German, with a Memoir of the Author, preceded by a Historical Sketch of the State of Protestantism and Catholicism in Germany for the last hundred years. By James Burton Robinson, Esq. New York: Edward Dunnigan. 1844.—This, as the reader must have seen in the perusal of this lengthy title-page, is a Catholic work; but it is a work of great research, unusual candor, and good temper. Those who have read the invaluable Delinseation of Romanism, by our friend Dr. Elliott, which has been justly pronounced the *leader* of all works of its class for several centuries, will be pleased and profited, without doubt, to see what can be said on the other side. The Protestant reader will be particularly confirmed in his holy faith by witnessing what weak things have to be said in defense of Romanism. Catholicism and sound logic will not go together. They have no business with each other. The only way to sustain Popery is to base it upon authority. Such and such old fathers, or schoolmen, or learned doctors, said it was all right; therefore, it is all right. That is Roman logic. This

is the Alpha and Omega of the arguments of all true Papists. As soon as they get to reasoning, they are no longer Catholics, but Protestants. Reason will play foul work with their doctrines of transubstantiation, of baptismal regeneration, of the worship of crucifixes and images, and of the "mysteries" in general. That is not the way to defend Catholicism. Believe, because popes, the councils, the fathers, said so. That is the way to do it. And that is the spirit of this learned volume. It is really worth reading.

POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY. With a Memoir of the Author. By Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. In two Volumes. Philadelphia: John Ball. 1849.—It would be needless to speak, at any length, of the works of this beautiful English poet. It is not now maintained, that he deserves to hold the first rank among the noble bards of Britain; but he fails of this position because Britain has produced the purest, sweetest, loftiest, sublimest poets of the modern world. It is almost a hopeless effort, for any man of less than half-miraculous a genius, to obtain a high place in a language, which can boast of its Chancery, Shakespeare, and Milton. When such splendid characters as Dryden, Pope, Cowper, have to be content with a secondary fame, it is discouraging to bards of less than transcendent powers. Such powers Montgomery did not possess; but his poetry is, nevertheless, worthy of the universal admiration it has received. It has one rare merit. It is perfectly moral, virtuous, with a marked evangelical tendency. His "Songs of Zion" will be read and sung for ever. But we must say no more. The edition before us is altogether the most magnificent we have ever seen. The letter is remarkably beautiful, and the binding is uncommonly rich; it is even gorgeous.

HERVEY'S MEDITATIONS AND CONTEMPLATIONS. Philadelphia: John Ball. 1849.—This work is brought out in the same superior style of letter-press and binding with the one above noticed. Mr. Ball is not surpassed, if these works are specimens of his taste, by the most tasteful publisher in the country. "Hervey's Meditations" is an old book, but worthy of being, as it seems destined to be, for ever new. With all its faults—and it has many in point of style—it will probably live as long as the English language. It is one of those few books, which, in spite of many deficiencies, has merit enough to insure its immortality. Though the style of composition is always too gay, not sufficiently subdued, and sometimes morbid and outrageously sentimental, with a large class of readers it is only the more acceptable for these qualities. They require bright colors, strong contrasts, a thump, or a blow, to wake up their interest. The work is, also, so decidedly religious, that thousands and tens of thousands, among the most gifted and refined, have hung over its pages with unmixed delight. Did it need any commendation, we would commend it heartily to all; and if our readers wish to possess the most beautiful edition of Hervey now extant, let them patronize Mr. Ball.

POEMS BY FELICIA HEMANS. With an Essay on her Genius. By H. T. Tuckerman. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: John Ball. 1849.—We almost begin to fear, that our readers will imagine we have sat down with the settled intention of praising Mr. Ball's publications; and we have looked all through this copy of Mrs. Hemans, to see if we could find any thing to reprove. But the task is fruitless. It is decidedly without a fault. In paper, typography, embellishments, and binding, it is really sumptuous. We have seen nothing superior to it for many a day. We need not eulogize the poems, or the practical talents of Mrs. Hemans; her fame is in all the world.

A MEMORIAL OF THE MINISTERIAL LIFE OF THE REV. GIDEON OUSELEY. By William Reilly. New York: Lane & Tippett. 1848.—Mr. Ouseley was an Irish missionary, who strictly "jeopardized his life unto the death in the high places of the field," that he might publish to the people at large the words of eternal life. The work is written in the epistolary style, and is possessed of a great interest to every pious mind. Get it and read it.

PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for October has seven articles, as follows:

1. *Methodism in Wales.* We have read this article carefully through, and confess our surprise that the London Quarterly has at last got so enlightened as to acknowledge a little in favor of the preachers and the institutions of Methodism. The paper is well written, and liberal in its views.

2. *Fonthill on the Signs of Death.* Our exchanges have published copiously from this piece—a strong proof of its great merit.

3. *Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges.* To engineers and others interested in the construction of railway bridges this article will specially commend itself.

4. *Peace Agitators.* This article deals severely with the late Peace Congress assembled at Paris. The writer has an indifferent opinion of the legislative and political abilities of the members composing the Congress.

5. *Knox's Ornithological Rambles in Sussex.* Brief but good.

6. *Thaws in Ireland*—long, but apparently a deeply-interesting article.

7. *Rome.* The author of this very lengthy paper does not discuss the question whether Pius IX can make a good ecclesiastical government at Rome or not, but rather insinuates the infeasibility of such a plan.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October has eleven articles:

1. *Human Progress.* Finely written, but rather discursive.

2. *Jasmin*—a review of the life and writings of a living troubadour by the name of Jasmin.

3. *Port Wine*—contains nothing for female readers of any importance.

4. *State of the Nation*—interesting, specially to English readers, but has some facts of general interest.

5. *German Philosophy*—metaphysical.

6. *Malthus*—discusses the principle of population, political economy, public health, and the decay of ancient populations—a valuable article.

7. *Extinction of Slavery*—only a paragraph or two in this piece—introductory to a more-extended discussion of the subject hereafter.

8. *Loans and Standing Armaments*—against the present plan of national borrowing.

9. *Foreign Literature*—devoted to extracts from recent Swedish, German, and Italian works.

10. *Critical and Miscellaneous Notices*—extracts from nineteen new works.

11. *Miscellaneous*—four notices of four new books.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for November contains ten articles, as follows:

1. *Life Assurance*, by Jenkins Jones—ably discussed.

2. *The Irish Poor Law*—presents some sad pictures of life.

3. *Locke and Sydenham*—scholastic, with some good paragraphs.

4. *Socialism in Great Britain*—just, but caustic.

5. *Shakspeare.* This article contains the posthumous notes of Coleridge on Shakespeare, with an inquiry into the philosophy and religion of Shakespeare, by W. J. Birch.

6. *Temporal Supremacy of the Pope*—a review of a French work by the Abbe Gosselin—not yet read.

7. *Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith*—an article not altogether to our taste.

8. *Romance of Indian Warfare*—a transcript from the journal of a subaltern during the campaign in the Punjab. Quite a spirited paper.

9. *Humboldt's Aspects of Nature in different lands and different climates*—occasionally scientific, but will be read with general interest.

10. *Scottish University Tests*—interesting only to foreign readers.

This number is one of unusual merit, and will be read with great profit and interest.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for November has seven articles:

1. *The Transportation Question*—full of statistics.

2. *My Peninsular Medal*—Part One—a lengthy article; but, like the Caxtons, we can find no time for its perusal.

3. *Disenchantment*—poem by Delta—encumbered by as many lines of explanatory notes as there are lines of verse—not equal to the previous effusions of Delta.

4. *Across the Atlantic*—a review of Melville's last work—Redburn. It says some judicious things, but assumes rather a large share of literary smartness—the ability to instruct any American author.

5. *Peace and War Agitations*—an essay of great prolixity. It will suit legislators and politicians.

6. *The French Novels of 1849*—a short article, but a fine hit at the regimen of pink, blue, and yellow octavos and duodecimos that have issued from the French press during the last twelve months.

7. *Die Borealis*—Number Five—*Christopher under Cancer.* This article consumes thirty-four pages of Blackwood. It is a travesty, and will be read by many with great relish.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE for December has the following list:

1. *A Review of the Cotton Trade*—chiefly statistic. The article is by Professor McCay, of the University of Georgia.

2. *The Moral and Social Benefits of Cheap Postage.* An important theme, and pretty well treated.

3. *The Astronomical Expedition to Chili.* Novel as is this expedition, it promises to the world something more than the gratification of simple scientific curiosity. Besides increasing the catalogue of southern stars, and other important matters connected with astronomy, it is not at all improbable that this expedition, if properly managed, will result in the establishment of a permanent observatory in Chili, whose climate and atmosphere are said to be of rare purity and clearness.

4. *Connection of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by Rail across North America.* This article is not by Mr. Whitney, but by an officer of engineers. The paper designates an outline of the route which is deemed most feasible for connecting the two great oceans by the railroad.

5. *Relation of Railroad Corporations to the Public*—a brief but comprehensive and perspicuous article.

6. *The Condition and Prospects of American Cotton Manufactures in 1849*—full of statistics, but a good and interesting article. It is from the pen of A. A. Lawrence, of Massachusetts.

7. *The Cotton Gin.* This article is from J. Blunt, Esq., a member of the New York bar, and is chiefly legal.

8. *The Population of New England*, by Wm. Brigham, of Massachusetts—short, but good.

9. *Commercial Code of Spain*—Number Ten—*Concerning Persons who may Intercede in Maritime Commerce*—a translation from the Spanish.

The rest of the magazine is devoted to a notice of four mercantile law cases, and a Commercial Chronicle and Review of the United States, &c., illustrated with tables. We conceive this number of the Merchant's Magazine is of superior order.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION for November contains several articles of sterling worth, which, for lack of space, we are unable to notice as we would wish. "Let us pray"—poetical—is a good effort at versification.

THE MASONIC REVIEW for December contains, besides other valuable articles, a fine sketch from the editor, on "Years to Come."

THE KNICKERBOCKER for November and December.—The Knickerbocker stands at the head of the class of magazines of its kind. These numbers are altogether, in our judgment, the best of the volume for 1849.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE we would recommend to any one who would have a condensed exposition of the current literature of our times. We have only to regret that some of the more recent numbers have been disfigured by certain old worn-out wood-cuts from the London Punch.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION for December contains some really-valuable articles. We are pleased to learn that this periodical is continually growing in the public favor.

NEWSPAPERS.

THE Austrian government has determined to border with a live hedge all the lines of railroad in that country. These hedges are to be formed, wherever the climate will admit of it, of mulberry trees. These plantations, besides protecting the railroads from the intrusion of animals, it is anticipated, will contribute to give a spring to the silk culture.

The Literary Fund Society in England has accumulated a capital of \$160,000.

The largest artificial fountain in the world is at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, England. It shoots up, almost like lightning, a column of water two hundred and sixty-seven feet high—more than one hundred feet higher than the Niagara Falls, and about fifty feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument.

It is stated that out of the 135,845 marriages solemnized in England during 1846, no less than 104,306 of the parties, namely, 42,489 men, and 61,877 women, signed the marriage register with a mark, or, in other words, nearly one-third of the men, and one-half of the women, could not write.

The Strait of the Dardanelles divides Europe from Asia, and unites the Sea of Marmora to the Archipelago. It is fifty miles in length, and its width varies from ten miles to less than one mile. It is very strongly fortified.

There are three thousand six hundred and sixty-four known languages now used in the world. Of these, nine hundred and thirty-seven are Asiatic; five hundred and eighty seven European; two hundred and seventy-six African; and one thousand six hundred and twenty-four American dialects.

The Hon. Mr. Chadwick, M. P., last fall rode on a pony, in the underground sewers of London, twenty-three miles in one day, in order to ascertain facts on sewerage, to lay before Parliament.

The value of the annual consumption of ivory in Sheffield is about £20,000, or \$150,000, and about five hundred persons are employed in working it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up the weight consumed in Sheffield—about one hundred and eighty tons—is 45,000. According to this the number of elephants killed every year is 22,500; but supposing that some tusks are cast and some animals die, it may be fairly estimated that 18,000 are killed for the purpose. This is a matter which is not generally known, it being a prevalent opinion that the tusks used for ivory are such as are cast by the elephant when alive.

In 1835, only fifteen years ago, there were not five thousand white inhabitants between Lake Michigan and the Pacific Ocean. Now there are over 1,000,000.

The piles under London bridge have been driven six hundred years. On examining them in 1846 they were found to be but little decayed. They are principally of elm. Old Savery Place, in the city of London, was built six hundred and fifty years ago, and the wooden piles, consisting of oak, elm, beech, and chestnut, were found upon recent examination to be perfectly sound. Of the durability of timber in a wet state, the piles of the bridge built by Emperor Trajan over the Danube, afford a striking example. One of these piles was taken up, and found to be petrified to the depth of three-quarters of an inch; but the rest of the wood was not different from its former state, though it had been driven sixteen hundred years.

A reverend correspondent of an English paper states that he has applied the gutta percha tubing in his chapel to great advantage to the deaf portion of his congregation. He states that he has a large oval funnel of sheet gutta percha inserted in the book board in front of the Bible, attached to which is a piece of inch tubing passing down the inside of the pulpit and under the floor, from which branch tubes are conducted to the pews of persons whose hearing is defective, the end of the tube being supplied with an ear-piece.

In all waters there are fish which love to swim against the stream; and in every community persons are found who delight in being opposed to every body else.

A man who had lived much in society said that his acquaintances would fill a cathedral, but that a pulpit would hold all his friends.

A gentleman observed upon an indifferent pleader at the

bar the other day, that he was the most affecting orator that he ever heard; for he never attempted to speak but that he excited general pity.

On examination, the lungs will be found full of innumerable little holes, like a sponge. These holes are the cells into which the air enters when we breathe. So great is their number, that they have been calculated to amount to 170,000,000, forming a surface thirty times greater than the human body. Every one of these cells is provided with a net-work of blood-vessels, by means of which the blood is brought into immediate contact with the air over every portion of their surface. When this great amount is taken into consideration, we shall at once feel how necessary it is to supply pure air to the lungs with every breath we draw.

Some men who know that they are great are so very haughty withal and insufferable, that their acquaintances discover their greatness only by the tax of humility which they are obliged to pay as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life, as rugged roads are to the weary traveler, which he discovers to be turnpikes only by the toll.

Newspapers in Europe are not quite as cheap as in this country. The London Times costs \$45 a year. The same rate is charged for the Morning Chronicle, Daily News, Globe, Herald, and Post. The London Evening Mail is published three times a week at \$25 a year. The London semi-weeklies \$16.50 per annum, and weeklies \$12 and \$9. The French daily papers, the large ones, are about the same price as the London prints; those about the size of our penny papers, cost \$20 and \$25 per annum. The German dailies cost from \$22 to \$26.

One of the neatest compliments on record, is that paid by Lord Camden to Fox—that “his price was immortality, and he knew that posterity would pay it.”

A profane coachman, pointing to one of the horses he was driving, said to a pious traveler, “That horse knows when I swear at him.” “Yes,” replied the traveler, “and so does God.”

Herodotus tells us that the average life of the Macrobians was one hundred and twenty years, and that they never drank any thing stronger than milk. Hawkesworth says of the New Zealanders: “Water is their only and universal drink, and in all our visits to their towns we never saw a single person who appeared to have any bodily complaint. A further proof of health is the facility with which wounds heal, and a still further, is the great number of old men we saw; many of whom, by the loss of their hair and teeth, appeared to be very ancient, yet none were decrepit, and though not equal to the young in muscular strength, were not a whit behind them in cheerfulness and vivacity.”

All the coffee grown in the West Indies has sprung from two plants taken thither in 1726, by a French botanist from the botanic garden at Paris. On the voyage, the supply of fresh water became nearly exhausted, but so anxious was the Frenchman to preserve the plants, that he deprived himself of his allowance in order to water them.

In the year 1272 the wages of a laboring man were less than four cents a day, while the price of a Bible, at the same period, was \$180. A common laborer, in those days, must toil on industriously for thirteen long years, if he would possess a copy of the word of God! Now, the earnings of half a day will pay the cost of a beautifully-painted copy of the sacred oracles. What a contrast! What an illustration of the power of the press!

The cholera is said to have shown itself in some spots on the bleak and barren Alps, which are 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The introduction of cotton into Egypt is attributable to Mehemet Ali. Two hundred thousand bales are annually exported to Liverpool and Manchester. Flax is also cultivated to a great extent there.

When a man's self-love is so great that he supposes his faults are better than other people's virtues, one may say that he has a pretty good opinion of himself.

There are twenty Protestant ministers in the Dutch West Indies, supported by the government.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have again yielded our editorial columns, in a great degree, to our contributors, though the reader may think that we still occupy quite a portion of our pages. We have several editorials "lying in wait" for the chances of publication; but we have so many dozens more, from the hands of our esteemed correspondents, that we waive our own privileges for their accommodation.

The embellishment for the month, though it comes alone, is, in our partial judgment, worthy of the glory. Of all the productions of Mr. Smilie, so far as we have seen them, this seems to us to be unsurpassed as a work of art. The point of view chosen by the artist is judicious; his "taking in" of the scene admirable; and his execution of the design, then thrown by nature upon his eye, is the very next thing to perfection. Let the reader remember, that each line, each leaf, each spire of grass, each particle of sand, appearing in this landscape, together with all the tracer of the iron-work, and the granulation of the marble in the monument, had to be drawn out with a lead pencil, and then cut in steel with the workman's graver. Behold the lights and shades, the softening and subduing of these, the perfect proportion of parts, and the natural perspective consummately maintained. Behold, also, the life, the idea, the character of the landscape, not only preserved, but heightened without being betrayed. The truth of the natural scene is told with embellishments. A picture, though a copy of a real scene, may be, nay, must be, if a picture at all in any true sense of the word, more or less a work of fancy. It is a fiction founded on facts. The facts, though real facts, are seen through the imagination of the artist. They are afterward represented by that imagination for the imagination of the observer. He, among observers, who has the greatest amount of disciplined imagination, will soonest catch the idea of the picture, and the intention of the artist. Such a person, too, will derive the most pleasure from this work when viewing it. With all the common sense, or uncommon learning, or abilities, or position, which it is possible for a man to have, if he has not that cultivated imagination which the world calls taste, he derives little or no enjoyment from works of art, and hardly has a right to pass public judgments on them. If he ventures to do so, he is almost certain to expose, not the virtues or the faults of these productions, but his own deficiencies. There are many works of genius, also, which, like the one before us, require a great deal more of previous study, of present thought, of persevering meditation, than most observers will give to them. As this one comes alone, however, we trust our readers will find time to examine it. The younger portion of them might study it with advantage. We will only add, that we had intended to accompany this engraving with an article on the Life and Character of Dr Channing; but, before we were aware of it, the number had progressed so far in the composition, that there was not sufficient room for it; and we preferred to crowd ourself out rather than crowd out a correspondent. Should the article appear anywhere within the volume, the plate will answer every purpose of reference and illustration; and should it not appear, we shall supply its place with something, from the editorial drawers, or from the furnishings of our contributors, quite as useful.

Accompanying the *Excelsior* of February was the following note, written by the poet, and addressed to the editor. We give it exactly as it came to us, as the best explanation of the poem itself capable of being given. We regard the sin referred to as one altogether too common, and too aggravated, to go entirely unrebuked by the press; and as the female sex is the most seriously injured by it, there is probably some propriety in the appearance of these stanzas in our columns, beyond the literary merits of the composition. We wish, however, our correspondent had sent us one of his original pieces, rather than this "translation," as he calls it; and we also desire him not to infer, from the publication of this, that we shall consequently publish his future efforts. Whether we do so, or not, will depend entirely on their character for literary and moral usefulness:

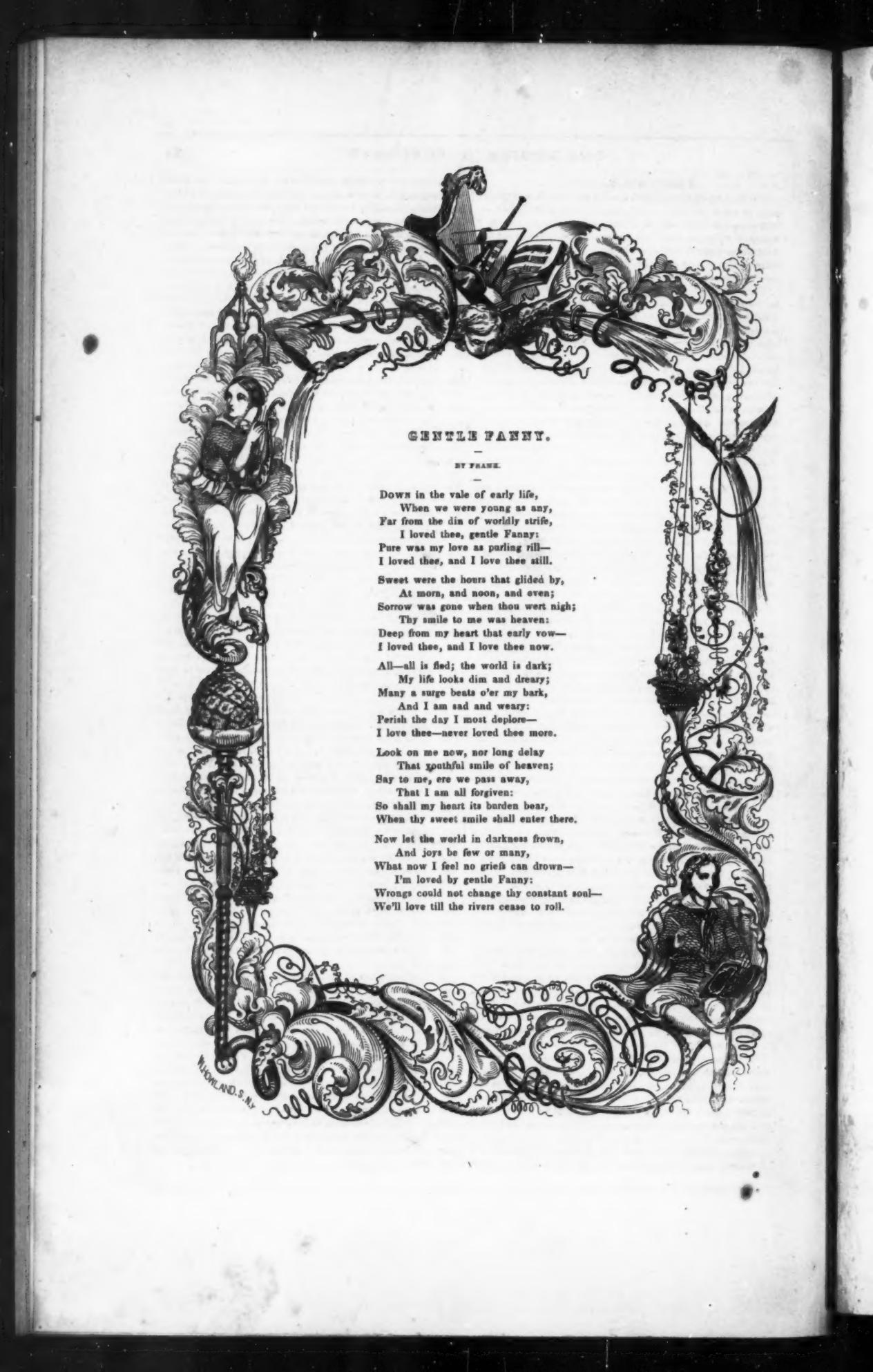
"SIR.—The inclosed poem was suggested by the story of Archibald Armstrong published in your last volume. There

are reasons why that story should affect me deeply; and it did affect me deeply, even to tears. Since first receiving it, I have read it more than fifty times; and each time it has gone to my heart, as nothing ever went before. The truth of it is, there is a passage in my own history, so nearly like Archibald's narration to Prince Charles, that I was the more easily and effectually aroused to the common sentiment of both. I presume it will be no question of importance, either with yourself or with your readers, whether, in these lines, I have had the story referred to, or my own experience, most before me. The story furnishes me with the topic and with the names employed; and it is a little remarkable, that, in my own case, the names have the same rhyming sounds. The names of the narrative are, also, at this time, poetic names, correlated to each other; and, so long as Frank Forrester and Fanny Forrester shall be known in the English language, there will be good reason for making Frank and Fanny the words of poetical apposition and affinity, by which the rights and relations, the ideas and ideals, of the two sexes can be fitly represented. That you may know you are not imposed on, you have below my real signature, which, however, I commit to your safe-keeping. Not that I hesitate to answer for the sentiments of my lines in the most personal manner, but because it is not necessary to do so now. The renunciation of a wrong is the noblest work of man. These verses are sent on an errand of good-will to all. There are so many, sir, among our sex, who are annually making and breaking the most sacred pledges ever made below; there is such a vast amount of misery thus thoughtlessly or maliciously introduced into our already sin-burdened world; there is so much dishonor done to our nobler natures, and so many seeds thus sown for future if not eternal sorrow, that I have felt compelled, not only to send you this little poetic translation, but to offer you two or three other poems for your subsequent issues, by which those interested may learn more clearly how a perjured man feels, and ought to feel, when the deed is inevitably done. The evil, sir, is very great. It covers all the land. Nothing would give me a greater satisfaction, having added to it by my example, than to help abate it by my repentance. With great respect, I subscribe myself, for the sake of the incognito,

ARCHIBALD ARMSTRONG."

Some one of our cotemporaries, but we know not which of them, has recently endeavored to show, that both Dr. Bond and ourself were very much beside ourselves, when our criticisms and acknowledgments, respectively, in relation to Sir Thomas Lawrence's "great picture," the *Morning Walk*, once inserted in this magazine, were made public. The writer thinks that both of us ought to take some lessons in linear perspective before we have occasion to make any similar criticisms and confessions. He calls the picture "splendid," if we remember his language, and thinks us both very obtuse in not knowing it. For Dr. Bond we need not speak; and for ourself we will only say, that it is so long since we taught the elements of "linear perspective" for our bread, that we probably ought to learn it over again; but if the rules of any sort of perspective, linear or any other, should pronounce the *Morning Walk*, as given in this magazine a year ago last July, any thing but a most miserable *scratch*, then that species of the science of perspective ought to be banished to Kamtschatka, and this new critic, if he wishes, may be installed as its sole professor.

We feel ourselves under special obligations to our numerous correspondents for the promptness and liberality with which they have furnished us articles of late. We would be pleased to make some specifications respecting them; but we find that we shall be unable to do this until our issue for next month. Will our contributors please exercise the grace of patience with us, while we assure them that we shall do our utmost to accommodate them? Some of our articles, though excellent, are long. Brevity is a quality which the great majority of our readers prefer. We trust that our worthy contributors will remember this, and endeavor to condense as much as possible. A late English statesman, at the close of a protracted debate in Parliament, made a speech only five minutes long, yet he stamped himself as an orator of the first class. *Verbum sapienti sat est.*



GENTLE FANNY.

BY FRANK.

DOWN in the vale of early life,
When we were young as any,
Far from the din of worldly strife,
I loved thee, gentle Fanny:
Pure was my love as parling rill—
I loved thee, and I love thee still.
Sweet were the hours that glided by,
At morn, and noon, and even;
Sorrow was gone when thou wert nigh;
Thy smile to me was heaven:
Deep from my heart that early vow—
I loved thee, and I love thee now.
All—all is fled; the world is dark;
My life looks dim and dreary;
Many a surge beats o'er my bark,
And I am sad and weary:
Perish the day I most deplore—
I love thee—never loved thee more.
Look on me now, nor long delay
That youthful smile of heaven;
Say to me, ere we pass away,
That I am all forgiven:
So shall my heart its burden bear,
When thy sweet smile shall enter there.
Now let the world in darkness frown,
And joys be few or many,
What now I feel no grief can drown—
I'm loved by gentle Fanny:
Wrongs could not change thy constant soul—
We'll love till the rivers cease to roll.

W. HOWLAND, S. N.Y.





W. H. Fullerton

W. H. Fullerton

The Rock of Samaria.

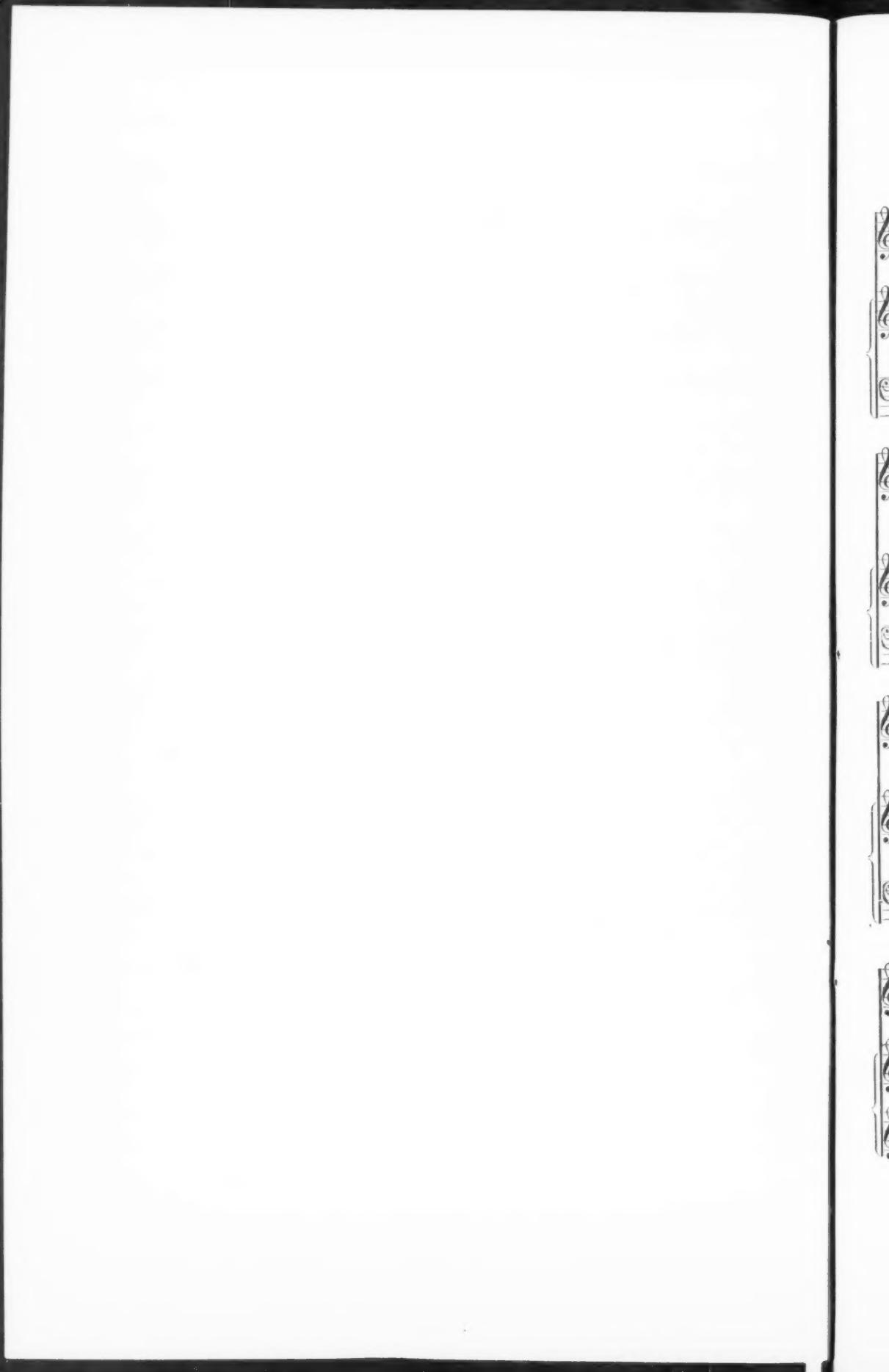
The Court of Samarinda.





Karuthi.

Engraved by C. D. Bennett & W. Anderson, 1847.



MASQUERADE SONG.

FROM THE "SHOULDER KNOT"—WORDS BY REV. B. F. TEFFT.

F. WERNER, Steinbrecher

All that was, and all that is, and all that e'er shall be,
2 We gather from the ancient wise, &c.

We shadow forth in har-mo-nies, All sing-ing mer - ri -

Chorus ad lib. mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, all sing - ing, sing - ing mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

Sva. loco.

We gather from the ancient wise,
We gather from the free,
We are a band of oddities,
All singing merrily,
Merrily, merrily,
All singing merrily.

Religious here we symbolize,
And here philosophy,
And all that dwells below the skies,
. All singing merrily.
Merrily, merrily,
All singing merrily.

Here wisdoms all, of every creed,
Are joined in harmony,
And show we forth what mortals need,
All singing merrily,
Merrily, merrily,
All singing merrily.

Now fathers, brothers, sisters, all,
Let's turn away and flee,
For lo! the pageant gins to fall,
Let's watch it merrily,
Merrily, merrily,
Let's watch it merrily.